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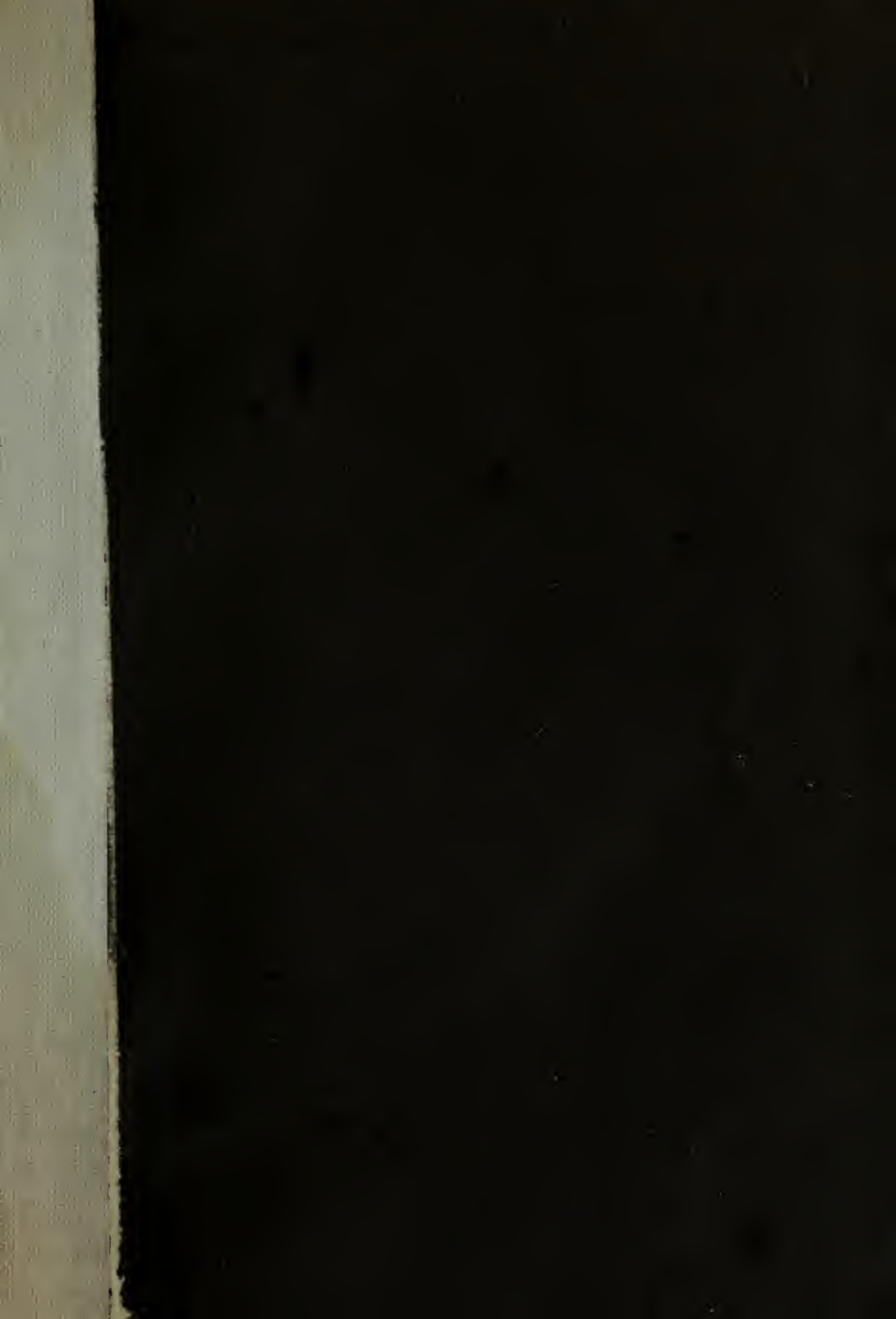


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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

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SHAKESPEARE'S

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

EDITED BY

W. H. LOW, M.A. LOND.,

EDITOR OF DRYDEN'S 'ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESIE,' TRANSLATOR  
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# SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE Globe Theatre was burnt down in the summer of 1613, during the performance of Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII.*

(also called *All is True*). It is then mentioned as a 'new play.' This is the only external evidence there is for dating it (see Appendix A).<sup>1</sup> The majority of critics assign it to 1613, or one of the two preceding years, on internal evidence. Some, however, hold it to have been written before the death of Elizabeth. The arguments on each side are given in Appendix B.

Closely connected with the question of the date of the play is that of the authorship. Many able critics believe it to be the joint work of Shakespeare and Fletcher, assigning to the former only Act I., Scenes 1 and 2; Act II., Scenes 3 and 4; Act III., Scene 2 (to the King's exit); and Act V., Scene 1. The reasons adduced in support of this hypothesis are drawn from ( $\alpha$ ) the alleged deficiencies of the play as a work of

<sup>1</sup> There is an entry in the Stationers' Register of 1605, for an 'Interlude of King Henry VIII.,' but this undoubtedly refers to 'When You See Me, You Know Me; or, The Chronicle History of King Henry VIII.,' by Samuel Rowley, which appeared in that year and was reprinted in 1613.

art, and ( $\beta$ ) certain metrical peculiarities; they are therefore based entirely on internal evidence (see Appendix B).

The play is founded on Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' and the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed, who had also used

Sources. Cavendish. Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' furnished the Cranmer incidents in Act V., Scenes 1 and 2. Some of the chief passages from these authorities are given in Appendix C. The Chronological Table (in Appendix D) shows where the poet has disregarded history.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.  
CARDINAL WOLSEY.  
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.  
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*  
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
DUKE OF NORFOLK.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
EARL OF SURREY.  
*Lord Chamberlain.*  
*Lord Chancellor.*  
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*  
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.  
LORD ABERGAVENNY.  
LORD SANDS.  
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.  
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.  
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.  
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.  
*Secretaries to Wolsey.*  
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*  
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*  
*Three Gentlemen.*  
*Garter King-at-arms.*  
DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*  
*Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.*  
BRANDON, *and a Sergeant-at-arms.*  
*Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.*  
*Porter, and his Man.*  
*Page to Gardiner.*  
*A Crier.*  
QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry.*  
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour.*  
*An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.*  
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

*Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Spirits, which appear to her ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

SCENE : *Chiefly in London and Westminster ; once at Kimbolton.*





# KING HENRY VIII.

## PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh : things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree 10  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring, 20  
To make that only true we now intend,  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye : think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see  
 How soon this mightiness meets misery :  
 And if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

30

---

 ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. An antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door ; at the other, the  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.*

*Buck.* Good-morrow, and well met. How have you done,  
 Since last we saw in France ?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
 Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer  
 Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
 Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twi'xt Guynes and Arde :  
 I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;  
 Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
 In their embracement, as they grew together ; 10  
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
 Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
 The view of earthly glory : men might say,  
 Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
 To one above itself. Each following day  
 Became the next day's master, till the last  
 Made former wonders its. To-day the French  
 All clinquant,<sup>1</sup> all in gold, like heathen gods,  
 Shone down the English ; and to-morrow they

20

---

<sup>1</sup> Glittering.

Made Britain, India: every man that stood  
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too  
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
 The pride upon them, that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting. Now this masque  
 Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
 As presence did present them; him in eye, 30  
 Still him in praise; and, being present both,  
 'T was said, they saw but one, and no discerner  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns  
 (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd  
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,  
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
 That Bevis was believ'd.

*Buck.* O! you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;  
 Order gave each thing view, the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element  
 In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discret. 50  
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pie is free  
 From his ambitious finger. What had he  
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder  
 That such a keech<sup>1</sup> can with his very bulk  
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,

<sup>1</sup> Lump of fat.

And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
 There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;  
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60  
 For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied  
 To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,  
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
 The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
 A place next to the king.

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
 What heaven hath given him : let some graver eye  
 Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
 Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?  
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70  
 Or has given all before, and he begins  
 A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,  
 Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
 Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint  
 Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file  
 Of all the gentry ; for the most part such  
 To whom as great a charge as little honour  
 He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,  
 The honourable board of council out,  
 Must fetch him in he papers.

*Aber.* I do know 80  
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
 They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
 For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
 But minister communication of  
 A most poor issue ?

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,  
 The peace between the French and us not values  
 The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
 A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke  
 Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,  
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
 The sudden breach on 't.

90

*Nor.* Which is budded out ;  
 For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
 Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
 The ambassador is silenc'd ?

*Nor.* Marry, is 't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd  
 At a superfluous rate !

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
 Our reverend cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your grace, 100

The state takes notice of the private difference  
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you  
 (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
 Honour and plenteous safety), that you read  
 The cardinal's malice and his potency  
 Together : to consider further, that

What his high hatred would effect wants not  
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
 That he 's revengeful ; and, I know, his sword  
 Hath a sharp edge : it 's long, and, 't may be said, 110  
 It reaches far ; and where 't will not extend,  
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
 You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY (*the purse borne before him*), *certain*  
*of the GUARD, and two SECRETARIES with papers.* *The*  
*CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM,*  
*and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha !  
 Where 's his examination ?

*1st Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready ?

*1st Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY and train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I 120  
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.

*Nor.* What ! are you chaf'd ?  
Ask God for temperance ; that 's the appliance only  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in 's looks  
Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd  
Me, as his abject object : at this instant  
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone to the king :  
I 'll follow, and outstare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question 130  
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you : be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I 'll to the king ;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
There 's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd ;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140  
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun  
By violent swiftmess that which we run at,  
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
I am thankful to you, and I 'll go along 150  
By your prescriptions ; but this top-proud fellow,

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From sincere motions, by intelligence,  
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say 't, and make my vouch as  
 strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,  
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief, 160  
 As able to perform 't, his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),  
 Only to show his pomp as well in France  
 As here at home, suggests the king, our master,  
 To this last costly treaty, the interview  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.*

Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal  
 The articles o' the combination drew  
 As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified, 170  
 As he cried, ' Thus let be ' : to as much end  
 As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-cardinal  
 Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows  
 Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason), Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt  
 (For 't was, indeed, his colour, but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation :  
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180  
 England and France might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily  
 Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow—  
 Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor  
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was ask'd : but when the way was made,  
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd :—

That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know 190  
 (As soon he shall by me), that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
 To hear this of him ; and could wish he were  
 Something mistaken in 't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable :  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS before him, and two  
 or three of the GUARD.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant : execute it.

*Serg.*

Sir,

My lord, the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl  
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord,  
 The net has fall'n upon me : I shall perish  
 Under device and practice.

*Bran.*

I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
 The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure  
 You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.*

It wil' help me nothing  
 To plead my innocence ; for that dye is on me  
 Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven  
 Be done in this and all things.—I obey.— 210  
 O ! my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. (*To ABER-*  
*GAVENNY*) The king  
 Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
 How he determines further.

*Aber.*

As the duke said,  
 The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
 By me obey'd.

*Bran.*

Here is a warrant from



The king to attach Lord Montacute ; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

*Buck.* So, so ;

These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope. 220

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O ! Nicholas Hopkins ?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false : the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already :  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,  
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Council-chamber.*

*Cornets.* Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the CARDINAL'S  
shoulder, the LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR THOMAS  
LOVELL, OFFICERS and ATTENDANTS.

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify,  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

[*The KING takes his state. The LORDS OF THE COUN-  
CIL occupy their several places. The CARDINAL  
places himself under the KING'S feet on his right  
side.*]

*A noise within, crying 'Room for the QUEEN!' Enter the  
QUEEN, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and  
SUFFOLK : she kneels. The KING riseth from his state,  
takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a suitor.

*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us. Half your suit 10  
Never name to us ; you have half our power :

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions 20  
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—  
Whose honour heaven shield from soil !—even he escapes not  
Language unmannerly ; yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear ; for upon these taxations, 30  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And Danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation !  
Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord cardinal,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation ?

*Wol.* Please you, sir, 40  
I know but of a single part in aught  
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others ; but you frame  
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must  
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
 Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear them,  
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
 They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer  
 Too hard an exclamation. 50

*K. Hen.* Still exaction !  
 The nature of it ? In what kind, let 's know,  
 Is this exaction ?

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
 In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd  
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief  
 Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
 Without delay ; and the pretence for this  
 Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths : 60  
 Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
 Allegiance in them ; their curses now  
 Live where their prayers did ; and it 's come to pass,  
 This tractable obedience is a slave  
 To each incens'd will. I would your highness  
 Would give it quick consideration, for  
 There is no primer business.

*K. Hen.* By my life,  
 This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
 I have no further gone in this than by  
 A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but 70  
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
 My faculties nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say,  
 'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,

By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here, where we sit, or sit  
 State-statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
 Things done without example, in their issue 90  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?  
 A trembling contribution ! Why, we take  
 From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied 100  
 The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't ;  
 I put it to your care.

*Wol. (to the SECRETARY).* A word with you.  
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,  
 That through our intercession this revokement  
 And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit SECRETARY.*]

*Enter SURVEYOR.*

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
 Is run in your displeasure.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many : 110  
 The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,  
 To nature none more bound ; his training such  
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
 When these so noble benefits shall prove  
 Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete—  
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find 120  
 His hour of speech a minute—he, my lady,  
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
 That once were his, and is become as black  
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—  
 This was his gentleman in trust—of him  
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount  
 The fore-recited practices; whereof  
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,  
 Most like a careful subject, have collected 130  
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
 It would infect his speech, that if the king  
 Should without issue die, he'll carry it so  
 To make the sceptre his. These very words  
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
 Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd  
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
 This dangerous conception in this point.  
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person 140  
 His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
 Beyond you, to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
 Deliver all with charity.

*K. Hen.* Speak on.  
 How grounded he his title to the crown,  
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
 At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*K. Hen.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
 His confessor: who fed him every minute  
 With words of sovereignty.

*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this? 150

*Surv.* Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey? I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words 160  
Spoke by a holy monk: 'that oft,' says he,  
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after, under the confession's seal,  
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensu'd, "Neither the king, nor his heirs,  
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love of the commonalty: the duke 170  
Shall govern England."'

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed:  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.* Let him on.—  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for  
him  
To ruminate on this so far, until 180  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do. He answer'd, 'Tush!  
It can do me no damage:' adding further,  
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,

The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*K. Hen.* Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!  
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Blomer,—

*K. Hen.* I remember 190  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?

*Surv.* 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.'

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor!

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, 200  
And this man out of prison?

*Q. Kath.* God mend all!

*K. Hen.* There's something more would out of thee: what  
say'st?

*Surv.* After 'the duke his father,' with 'the knife,'  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour  
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*K. Hen.* There's his period, 210  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS.*

*Cham.* Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries ?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd ones :  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones : one  
would take it,  
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
And springhalt<sup>1</sup> reign'd among 'em.

*Cham.* Death ! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

How now ?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

*Lov.* 'Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is 't for ?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

*Cham.* I am glad 't is there : now, I would pray our  
monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance

<sup>1</sup> A disease which lames horses.



Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks ;  
 Abusing better men than they can be,  
 Out of a foreign wisdom ; renouncing clean  
 The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, 30  
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
 And understand again like honest men ;  
 Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
 Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
 Will have of these trim vanities !

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
 There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly [varlets]  
 Have got a speeding trick to [conquer] ladies ; 40  
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad they're going ;  
 For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now  
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
 And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r lady,  
 Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands :  
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord ;  
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
 Whither were you a-going ?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's. 50  
 Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O ! 'tis true :  
 This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
 To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
 The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us :  
 His dews fall everywhere.

*Cham.* No doubt he's noble ;  
 He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord ; has wherewithal : in him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine : 60  
Men of his way should be most liberal ;  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-chamber in York Place.*

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the CARDINAL ; a  
longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN,  
and divers LORDS, LADIES, and GENTLEWOMEN, as  
guests, at one door ; at another door, enter SIR HENRY  
GUILDFORD.

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all : this night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad : he would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people.

*Enter* LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS  
LOVELL.

O, my lord ! you are tardy ;  
The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal 10  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think would better please 'em : by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O ! that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these.

*Sands.* I would I were ;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy ?

*Sands.* As easy—

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this : 20  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze ;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking ;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :  
[*Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and another*  
LADY.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* O ! very mad, exceeding mad ; in love, too ;  
But he would bite none : just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.— 30  
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY attended, and takes his  
state.

*Wol.* You are welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome :  
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

*Sands.* Your grace is noble :  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands, 40  
I am beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.—

Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.  
Here 's to your lordship ; and pledge it, madam,  
For 't is to such a thing—

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drums and trumpets within ; chambers discharged.*

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a SERVANT.*

*Wol.* What warlike voice 50  
And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;  
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

*Re-enter SERVANT.*

*Cham.* How now ? what is 't ?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers ;  
For so they seem : they 've left their barge, and landed ;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give them welcome ; you can speak the French tongue :  
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him. 60

[*Exit CHAMBERLAIN attended. All rise, and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all ; and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.

*Hautboys.* Enter the KING and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd  
To tell your grace :—that having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct, 70  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace ; for which I pay 'em  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING takes ANNE BULLEN.*]

*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee. [Music. Dance.]

*Wol.* My lord !

*Cham.* Your grace ?

*Wol.* Pray, tell them thus much from me :  
There should be one amongst them, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the masquers and returns.*]

*Wol.* What say they ?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then.

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*K. Hen.* (*unmasking*). Ye have found him, cardinal.  
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :

You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

*Wol.* I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

*K. Hen.* My lord chamberlain, 90  
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

*Cham.* An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's  
daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*K. Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you —A health, gentlemen!  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
the privy chamber?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*K. Hen.* Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,  
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry,  
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter two GENTLEMEN, meeting.*

*1st Gent.* Whither away so fast?

*2nd Gent.* O!—God save you.  
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*1st Gent.* I 'll save you

That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2nd Gent. Were you there ?

1st Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2nd Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1st Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2nd Gent. Is he found guilty ?

1st Gent. Yes, truly is he, and con n'd upon it.

2nd Gent. I am sorry for 't.

1st Gent. So number more.

2nd Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it 10

1st Gent. I'll tell you in a little. 't great duke

Came to the bar ; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd

To have brought *vivâ voce* to his face :

At which appeared against him, his surveyor ;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car, 20

Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2nd Gent. That was he

That fed him with his prophècies ?

1st Gent. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all

Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2nd Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ? 30

1st Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2nd Gent. I do not think he fears death.

1st Gent. Sure he does not ;  
 He never was so womanish : the cause  
 He may a little grieve at.

2nd Gent. Certainly,  
 The cardinal is the end of this.

1st Gent. 'T is likely, 40  
 By all conjectures : first Kildare's attainder,  
 Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,  
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
 Lest he should help his father.

2nd Gent. That trick of state  
 Was a deep envious one.

1st Gent. At his return,  
 No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
 And generally ; whoever the king favours,  
 The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
 And far enough from court too.

2nd Gent. All the commons 50  
 Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
 Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
 They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buckingham,  
 The mirror of all courtesies——

1st Gent. Stay there, sir,  
 And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; tipstaves before  
 him ; the axe with the edge towards him ; halberds on each  
 side ; accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR  
 NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common  
 people.*

2nd Gent. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,  
 You that thus far have come to pity me,  
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me  
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
 And by that name must die : yet, heaven bear witness,  
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 60  
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.  
 The law I bear no malice for my death,  
 It has done upon the premises but justice ;



But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :  
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.  
 Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.  
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70  
 More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,  
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;  
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart 80  
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with : no black envy  
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace ;  
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him  
 You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers  
 Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live 90  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To the water side I must conduct your grace ;  
 Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there !  
 The duke is coming : see the barge be ready,  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100  
 Let it alone : my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable  
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;  
 And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110  
 And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !  
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father : 120  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again 130  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell :  
 And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive me !  
 [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and train.  
 1st Gent. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 That were the authors.

*2nd Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,  
'T is full of woe ; yet I can give you inkling 140  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

*1st Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !  
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

*2nd Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require  
A strong faith to conceal it.

*1st Gent.* Let me have it :  
I do not talk much.

*2nd Gent.* I am confident :  
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine ?

*1st Gent.* Yes, but it held not ;  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150  
He sent command to the lord mayor straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

*2nd Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her : to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately, 160  
As all think, for this business.

*1st Gent.* 'T is the cardinal ;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

*2nd Gent.* I think you have hit the mark : but is it not  
cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

*1st Gent.* 'T is woful.  
We are too open here to argue this ;  
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.*

*Cham.* 'My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took them from me ; with this reason,—his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths, sir.'

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them :  
He will have all, I think.

10

*Enter the DUKES of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

*Nor.* Well met, my lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good-day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd ?

*Cham.* I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause ?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No ; his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'T is so.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day. 20

*Suf.* Pray God, he do : he 'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business,  
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the league  
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the king's soul and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :  
And out of all these to restore the king,  
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

30

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
 Of her that loves him with that excellence  
 That angels love good men with ; even of her  
 That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
 Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most true  
 These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks them,  
 And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare  
 Look into these affairs, see this main end,—  
 The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open 40  
 The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
 This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from this slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
 And heartily, for our deliverance,  
 Or this imperious man will work us all  
 From princes into pages. All men's honours  
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
 Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
 I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed.  
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand, 50  
 If the king please : his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.  
 I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
 To him that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in ;

And with some other business put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him :—  
 My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.* Excuse me ;  
 The king hath sent me elsewhere : besides,  
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.  
 Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. 60

[*Exit* LORD CHAMBERLAIN. *NORFOLK* opens a  
 folding-door. *The KING* is discovered sitting, and  
 reading pensively.]

*Suf.* How sad he looks : sure, he is much afflicted.

*K. Hen.* Who is there ? ha !

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*K. Hen.* Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha!

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way  
Is business of estate; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Ye are too bold.

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business: 70  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. (*To CAMPEIUS*) You're welcome,  
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:  
Use us and it.—(*To WOLSEY*) My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*K. Hen.* (*to NOR. and SUF.*). We are busy; go.

*Nor.* (*aside to SUF.*). This priest has no pride in him?

*Suf.* (*aside to NOR.*). Not to speak of!

I would not be so sick though for his place: 81  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* (*aside to SUFFOLK*). If it do,  
I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suf.* (*aside to NORFOLK*). I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices : Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
 This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,  
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
 And thank the holy Conclave for their loves :  
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,  
 You are so noble. To your highness' hand 101  
 I tender my commission, by whose virtue  
 (The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord  
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
 In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. Hen.* Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted  
 Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner ?

*Wol.* I know your majesty has always lov'd her  
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
 A woman of less place might ask by law,— 110  
 Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour  
 To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,  
 Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :  
 I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit WOLSEY.*]

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* (*aside to GARDINER.*) Give me your hand ; much  
 joy and favour to you :

You are the king's now.

*Gard.* (*aside to WOLSEY.*) But to be commanded  
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*]

*Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace 120  
 In this man's place before him ?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
 Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How ! of me ?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied him,  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
That 's Christian care enough : for living murmurers  
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool, 130  
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment :  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars :  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.—  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd :—O, my lord !  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave 140  
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—  
O ! 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the QUEEN'S Apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither :—here's the pang that  
pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing,—O ! now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,  
To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity 10  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,



Yet, if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady !  
She 's a stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content, 20  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhood,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhood for 't ; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty :  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts 30  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril<sup>1</sup> conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,—

*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a  
queen ?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'T is strange : a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title ?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little : 40  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to. If your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

<sup>1</sup> Flexible.

*Anne.* How you do talk !  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing. I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo ! who comes here ?

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Cham.* Good-morrow, ladies. What were it worth to  
know 50  
The secret of your conference ?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand : it values not your asking.  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women : there is hope  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen !

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 60  
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender :  
More than my all is nothing, nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities : yet prayers and wishes  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you. (*Aside*) I have perus'd her well :

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
 That they have caught the king ; and who knows yet,  
 But from this lady may proceed a gem | *Elyabeth*  
 To lighten all this isle ? (To her) I'll to the king,  
 And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.* My honour'd lord. 80  
 [*Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*]

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !  
 I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
 Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
 Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
 For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !  
 A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie, fie upon  
 This compell'd fortune !—have your mouth fill'd up  
 Before you open it.

*Anne.* This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no.  
 There was a lady once ('tis an old story) 90  
 That would not be a queen, that would she not  
 For all the mud in Egypt :—have you heard it ?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could  
 O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !  
 A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect !  
 No other obligation. By my life,  
 That promises more thousands : honour's train  
 Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,  
 I know, your back will bear a duchess. Say,  
 Are you not stronger than you were ?

*Anne.* Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
 And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,  
 If this salute my blood a jot : it faints me,  
 To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
 In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver  
 What here you 've heard to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Blackfriars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two VERGERS, with short silver wands; next them, two SCRIBES, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a GENTLEMAN bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two PRIESTS, bearing each a silver cross; then a GENTLEMAN-USHER bareheaded, accompanied with a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, bearing a silver mace; then two GENTLEMEN bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two NOBLEMEN, with the sword and mace. Then enter the KING and QUEEN and their trains. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the SCRIBES. The LORDS sit next the BISHOPS. The rest of the ATTENDANTS stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so.—Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry, King of England, etc.

*K. Hen.* Here. 9

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Katharine, Queen of England, etc.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,  
 And to bestow your pity on me ; for  
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
 Born out of your dominions : having here  
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas ! sir,  
 In what have I offended you ? what cause  
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20  
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
 And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable :  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad or sorry  
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour  
 I ever contradicted your desire,  
 Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30  
 He were mine enemy ? What friend of mine,  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice  
 He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
 With many children by you : if, in the course  
 And process of this time, you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught, 40  
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty  
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
 The king, your father, was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,  
 My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many 50  
 A year before : it is not to be question'd  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,

Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel  
I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

*Wol.* You have here, lady  
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers ; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled 60  
To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless  
That longer you desire the court, as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace  
Hath spoken well and justly ; therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed,  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produc'd and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Q. Kath.* Sir,  
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that 70  
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge.  
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
Which God's dew quench.—Threfore, I say again, 80  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet

Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :  
 I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice  
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded, 90  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,  
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it.  
 The king is present : if it be known to him,  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. If he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100  
 It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to  
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which before  
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
 And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-  
 mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility ; but your heart 110  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
 Where powers are your retainers, and your words,  
 Domestic to you, serve your will, as 't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual ; that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart*

*Cam.*

The queen is obstinate,

Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be tried by it : 't is not well.

She 's going away.

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

*Griffith.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it ? pray you, keep your  
 way :

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help !

They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on : 130

I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more,

Upon this business, my appearance make

In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and her ATTENDANTS.]

*K. Hen.*

Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world who shall report he has

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,

For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts

Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out), 140

The queen of earthly queens.—She 's noble born ;

And, like her true nobility, she has

Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.*

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,

That it shall please you to declare, in hearing

Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and bound,

There must I be unloos'd, although not there

At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I

Did broach this business to your highness, or

Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150

Induce you to the question on 't ? or ever

Have to you, but with thanks to God for such

A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,

Or touch of her good person ?

*K. Hen.*

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,



I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do : by some of these 160  
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :  
 But will you be more justified ? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
 The passages made toward it.—On my honour,  
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't :  
 I will be bold with time, and your attention :—  
 Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed  
 to 't.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 170  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
 Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite,  
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager, 180  
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,  
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
 I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had  
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
 Do no more offices of life to 't, than 190  
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue  
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,  
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows, that  
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me  
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200  
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
 Now present here together ; that 's to say,  
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,  
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
 How under my oppression I did reek,  
 When I first mov'd you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long : be pleas'd yourself to say  
 How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness, 211  
 The question did at first so stagger me,—  
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,  
 And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt,  
 And did entreat your highness to this course,  
 Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.* I then mov'd you,  
 My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
 To make this present summons.—Unsolicited  
 I left no reverend person in this court ; 220  
 But by particular consent proceeded  
 Under your hands and seals : therefore, go on ;  
 For no dislike i' the world against the person  
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
 That 's paragon'd o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
 The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness 231

That we adjourn this court till further day :  
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends unto his holiness.

*K. Hen. (aside).* I may perceive,  
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer !  
 Pr'ythee, return : with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along.—Break up the court : 240  
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

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 ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the QUEEN'S  
 Apartment.*

*The QUEEN and her WOMEN, at work.*

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with  
 troubles ;  
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :  
 To his music plants and flowers  
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers  
 There had made a lasting spring.  
 Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea, 10  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet music is such art :  
 Killing care and grief of heart  
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

*Enter a GENTLEMAN.*

*Q. Kath.* How now ?

*Gent.* An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
 Wait in the presence.

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit GENTLEMAN.*] What can be their  
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? 20  
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.  
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness!

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a house-wife;  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.* Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, 30  
Deserves a corner: would all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!  
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy  
Above a number) if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*— 41

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin:  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;  
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:  
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolv'd in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady, 50

I am sorry, my integrity should breed  
 (And service to his majesty and you)  
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
 We come not by the way of accusation,  
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;  
 You have too much, good lady ; but to know  
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
 Between the king and you, and to deliver,  
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions, 60  
 And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
 My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,  
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
 Both of his truth and him (which was too far),  
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
 His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath. (aside).* To betray me.—  
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,  
 Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove so !  
 But how to make you suddenly an answer, 70  
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
 —More near my life, I fear—with my weak wit,  
 And to such men of gravity and learning,  
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking  
 Either for such men, or such business.  
 For her sake that I have been,—for I feel  
 The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,  
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause.  
 Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. 80

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with these  
 fears ;  
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England  
 But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,  
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?  
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
 —Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,  
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here :  
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence, 90  
 In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection ;  
 He's loving, and most gracious : 't will be much  
 Both for your honour better, and your cause ;  
 For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.  
 Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
 Heaven is above all yet : there sits a Judge 100  
 That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,  
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
 But cardinal sins and hollow hearts, I fear ye.  
 Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
 A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorn'd?  
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
 I have more charity ; but say, I warn'd ye :  
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once 110  
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;  
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,  
 And all such false professors! Would ye have me—  
 If ye have any justice, any pity,  
 If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—  
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
 Alas! has banish'd me his bed already ;  
 His love, too long ago : I am old, my lords, 120  
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
 Is only my obedience. What can happen

To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?  
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—  
Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd him ?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ? 131  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?  
And am I thus rewarded ? 't is not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title 140  
Your master wed me to : nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts. \

What will become of me now, wretched lady !  
I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
(*To her WOMEN*) Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your  
fortunes ?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom where no pity,  
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me, 150  
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I 'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.* If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,  
The way of our profession is against it :  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;  
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160  
 Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.  
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm : pray think us  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
 With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts 170  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;  
 Beware you lose it not : for us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray, forgive  
 me,  
 If I have us'd myself unmannerly.  
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray, do my service to his majesty :  
 He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers 180  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers ;  
 Bestow your counsels on me ; she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the KING'S Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the  
 EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion that may give me



Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be reveng'd on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least 10  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me I know;  
What we can do to him, though now the time  
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in his tongue.

*Nor.* O! fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found 20  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O! how? how? 30

*Suf.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if  
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

*Sur.* Has the king this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he coasts  
 And hedges his own way. But in this point  
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40  
 After his patient's death : the king already  
 Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;  
 For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all my joy  
 Trace the conjunction !

*Suf.* My amen to 't !

*Nor.* All men's !

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation :  
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
 To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
 She is a gallant creature, and complete  
 In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her 50  
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
 In it be memoriz'd.

*Sur.* But will the king  
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
 The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, amen !

*Suf.* No, no :  
 There be moe<sup>1</sup> wasps that buzz about his nose  
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
 Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and  
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
 To second all his plot. I do assure you, 60  
 The king cried, ' Ha !' at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
 And let him cry, ' Ha !' louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
 When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions ; which  
 Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
 Together with all famous colleges  
 Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
 Her coronation. Katharine no more  
 Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager, 70  
 And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
 In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has ; and we shall see him  
 For it an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
 The cardinal !

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe ; he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell,  
 Gave 't you the king ?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper ?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them ; and the first he view'd,  
 He did it with a serious mind ; a heed 80  
 Was in his countenance. You he bade  
 Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
 To come abroad ?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
 The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—  
 Anne Bullen ? No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :  
 There's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen !  
 No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish  
 To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke ! 90

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
 Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

*Wol.* The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—  
 This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;  
 Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,  
 And well deserving ? yet I know her for  
 A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to  
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100  
 Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up  
 An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one  
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
 And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Suf.* I would 't were something that would fret the  
 string,  
 The master-cord of his heart !

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule, and LOVELL.*

*Suf.* The king, the king !

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
 To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour  
 Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,  
 Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords, 110  
 Saw you the cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
 Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion  
 Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
 Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight  
 Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,  
 Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts  
 His eye against the moon. In most strange postures  
 We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.* It may well be,  
 There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning 120  
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
 As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found  
 There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?  
 Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—  
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which

I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's heaven's will :  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*K. Hen.* If we did think 130  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings : but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to*  
WOLSEY.

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !  
Ever God bless your highness !

*K. Hen.* Good my lord.  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind, the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140  
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*K. Hen.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together, 150  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well-saying !

*K. Hen.* 'T is well said again ;  
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;  
He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you : since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone

Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
 But pared my present havings, to bestow  
 My bounties upon you.

*Wol. (aside).* What should this mean ? 160

*Sur. (aside).* The Lord increase this business !

*K. Hen.* Have I not made you

The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,  
 If what I now pronounce you have found true ;  
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
 My studied purposes requite ; which went  
 Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours  
 Have ever come too short of my desires, 170  
 Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends  
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
 To the good of your most sacred person, and  
 The profit of the state For your great graces  
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
 My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,  
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

*K. Hen.* Fairly answer'd :

A loyal and obedient subject is 180  
 Therein illustrated. The honour of it  
 Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,  
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
 On you than any ; so your hand, and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
 As 't were in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I do profess, 190

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own : that am, have, and will be—  
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,

And throw it from their soul ; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*K. Hen.* 'T is nobly spoken.

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200  
 For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this :

*[Giving him papers.]*

And, after, this ; and then to breakfast, with  
 What appetite you have.

*[Exit KING, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY ;  
 the NOBLES throng after him, smiling and whis-  
 pering.]*

*Wol.* What should this mean ?

What sudden anger 's this ? how have I reap'd it ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;

I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so :

This paper has undone me !—'T is the account 210

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence !

Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?

No new device to beat this from his brains ?

I know 't will stir him strongly : yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

Will bring me off again. What 's this ?—'To the Pope !

The letter, as I live, with all the business 221

I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell !

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness :

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting : I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the DUKES of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal ; who commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands, and to confine yourself 230  
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay :  
Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross them,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,—  
I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy. 240  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin !  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;  
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king  
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who'll take it ? 250

*Sur.* The king that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest :  
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals  
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,



Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland, 260  
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was  
 From any private malice in his end,  
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you, 270  
 You have as little honesty as honour,  
 That in the way of loyalty and truth  
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,  
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
 And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
 Your long coat, priest, protects you : thou shouldst feel  
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,  
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?  
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,  
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280  
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,  
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
 Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;  
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,  
 You writ to the pope, against the king ; your goodness,  
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
 My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,  
 As you respect the common good, the state 290  
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
 (Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen),—  
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
 Collected from his life :—I'll startle you

Worse than the sacring-bell when the brown wench  
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
But that I am bound in charity against it.

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand ;  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer 300  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you :  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You 'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir ;  
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those, than my head. Have at  
you !  
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge 310  
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then, that without the knowledge  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission 320  
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,  
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ; 330  
 Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
 I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
 Press not a falling man too far ! 't is virtue :  
 His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
 So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—  
 Because all those things, you have done of late  
 By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
 Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,— 340  
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
 Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations,  
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
 About the giving back the great seal to us,  
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
 So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me. 350  
 Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 360  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ; 370  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.* What ! amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder  
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
 I am fall'n indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.* Why, well :

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me, 380  
 I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,  
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.  
 O ! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,  
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390  
 What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
 Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
 Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden ;  
 But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !  
 What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, 400  
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That 's news indeed !

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
 Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O  
 Cromwell !

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories  
 In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 410  
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;  
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
 To be thy lord and master : seek the king  
 (That sun, I pray, may never set !) ; I have told him  
 What and how true thou art : he will advance thee.  
 Some little memory of me will stir him  
 (I know his noble nature), not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide 420  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord !  
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
 Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers,  
 For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430  
 Let 's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell :  
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition : 440  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;  
 And—Pr'ythee, lead me in : 450  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.  
*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.  
*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
 The hopes of court : my hopes in heaven do dwell.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

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 ACT IV.

 SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*
*Enter two GENTLEMEN, meeting.*
*1st Gent.* You're well met once again.

*2nd Gent.* So are you.

*1st Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold  
 The Lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

*2nd Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

*1st Gent.* 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;  
This, general joy.

*2nd Gent.* 'Tis well : the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,—  
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward,—  
In celebration of this day with shows, 10  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

*1st Gent.* Never greater ;  
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

*2nd Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand ?

*1st Gent.* Yes ; 't is the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.  
*2nd Gent.* I thank you, sir : had I not known those 20  
customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

*1st Gent.* That I can tell you, too. The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Amptill, where the princess lay ; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not : 30  
And, to be short, for not appearance and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect :  
Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

*2nd Gent.* Alas, good lady ! [*Trumpets.*  
The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.  
[*Hautboys.*

## THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

*A lively flourish of trumpets.*

1. *Two* JUDGES.
2. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
3. CHORISTERS, *singing.* [Music.]
4. MAYOR OF LONDON, *bearing the mace. Then,*  
GARTER, *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of esses.*
6. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him the DUKE OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of esses.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the CINQUE-PORTS; under it the QUEEN in her robe, her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the BISHOPS of LONDON and WINCHESTER.*
8. *The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.*
9. *Certain LADIES or COUNTESSSES, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

*2nd Gent.* A royal train, believe me. These I know;  
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

*1st Gent.* Marquess Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.

*2nd Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40  
The Duke of Suffolk.

*1st Gent.* 'T is the same; high-steward.

*2nd Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

*1st Gent.* Yes.

*2nd Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on the QUEEN.]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,



And more and richer, when he strains that lady :  
I cannot blame his conscience.

*1st Gent.* They, that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-Ports.

*2nd Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are near  
her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train  
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

*1st Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

*2nd Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed ;  
And sometimes falling ones.

*1st Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession with a great flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter a third GENTLEMAN.*

God save you, sir ! where have you been broiling ?

*3rd Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey ; where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

*2nd Gent.* You saw

The ceremony ?

*3rd Gent.* That I did.

*1st Gent.* How was it ? 60

*3rd Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

*2nd Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

*3rd Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man : which when the people 70  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks—  
Doublets, I think,—flew up ; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Women, like rams  
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
 Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were woven  
 So strangely in one piece.

*2nd Gent.* But what follow'd? 80

*3rd Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces  
 Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-like  
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:  
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;  
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,  
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom, 90  
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
 And with the same full state pac'd back again  
 To York Place, where the feast is held.

*1st Gent.* Sir,  
 You must no more call it York Place, that is past;  
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:  
 'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

*3rd Gent.* I know it;  
 But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name  
 Is fresh about me.

*2nd Gent.* What two reverend bishops  
 Were those that went on each side of the queen?

*3rd Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,  
 Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary; 101  
 The other, London.

*2nd Gent.* He of Winchester  
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
 The virtuous Cranmer.

*3rd Gent.* All the land knows that:  
 However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,  
 Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

*2nd Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

*3rd Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;  
 A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend.—The king  
Has made him master of the jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy council. 110

*2nd Gent.* He will deserve more.

*3rd Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests :  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I 'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Kimbolton.*

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and  
PATIENCE.*

*Grif.* How does your grace ?

*Kath.* O Griffith ! sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair :  
So—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledst me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead ?

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily 10  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,  
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;  
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,  
With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him :  
To whom he gave these words—' O father abbot, 20  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
 Give him a little earth for charity !  
 So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
 Pursu'd him still ; and three nights after this,  
 About the hour of eight, which he himself  
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,  
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
 He gave his honours to the world again,  
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

*Kath.* So may he rest : his faults lie gently on him !  
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
 And yet with charity. He was a man  
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
 Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion  
 Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;  
 His own opinion was his law : i' the presence  
 He would say untruths, and be ever double,  
 Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful : 40  
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
 The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
 We write in water. May it please your highness  
 To hear me speak his good now ?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith ;  
 I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. 50  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :  
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ;  
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer :  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting  
 (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely. Ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ; 79  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little :  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions, 70  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !—  
 Patience, be near me still, and set me lower :  
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to. 80

[*Sad and solemn music.*]

*Grif.* She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
 For fear we wake her :—softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision.* Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six  
 Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads  
 garlands of bays and golden vizards on their faces ;  
 branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first  
 congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the  
 first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which  
 the other four make reverent curtsies : then, the two that  
 held the garland deliver the same to the other next two,  
 who observe the same order in their changes, and holding  
 the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the  
 same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same  
 order : at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in  
 her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to  
 heaven : and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the  
 garland with them. The music continues.

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone,  
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for.  
Saw ye none enter since I slept ?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Kath.* No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?  
They promised me eternal happiness, 90  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave,  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?  
How long her face is drawn ? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold ? Mark her eyes !

*Grif.* She is going, wench : pray, pray.

*Pat.* Heaven comfort her !

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* An 't like your grace——

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow :  
Deserve we no more reverence ?

*Grif.* You are to blame, 101  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour : go to ; kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;  
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and MESSENGER.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord !

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me ?

*Cap.* Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you ;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O ! my good lord, that comfort comes too late ; 120  
'Tis like a pardon after execution.

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do ; and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

*Pat.*

No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE.]

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.*

Most willing, madam.

130

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :—  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—  
She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—  
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,  
 A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
 The last is, for my men :—they are the poorest.  
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—  
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150  
 And something over to remember me by :  
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
 And able means, we had not parted thus.  
 These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,  
 By that you love the dearest in this world,  
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
 To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will,  
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160  
 In all humility unto his highness :  
 Say, his long trouble now is passing  
 Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
 You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour : strew me over  
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me, 170  
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
 I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter* GARDINER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, a PAGE *with a torch before him, met by* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

*Gar.* It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not ?

*Boy.*

It hath struck.



*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas :  
Whither so late ?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord ?

*Gar.* I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at primero  
With the Duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.

*Gar.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter ? 10  
It seems you are in haste : an if there be  
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk  
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you,  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd  
She 'll with the labour end.

*Gar.* The fruit she goes with 20  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live : but for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir,—  
Hear me, Sir Thomas : you are a gentleman  
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—  
Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,  
 Stands in the gap and trade<sup>1</sup> of more preferments,  
 With which the time will load him. The archbishop  
 Is the king's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak  
 One syllable against him ?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
 There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd 40  
 To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,  
 Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have  
 Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is—  
 For so I know he is, they know he is—  
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land : with which they moved  
 Have broken with the king ; who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint,—of his great grace  
 And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him,—hath commanded, 50  
 To-morrow morning to the council-board  
 He be convented.<sup>2</sup> He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and PAGE.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING and the  
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-night :  
 My mind 's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles ;  
 Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play. 60  
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman  
 I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks  
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
 Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What say'st thou ? ha !  
 To pray for her ? what ! is she crying out ?

<sup>1</sup> Road, trodden path.

<sup>2</sup> Summoned to appear.

*Lov.* So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*K. Hen.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and 70  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir !

*K. Hen.* 'T is midnight, Charles :  
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.* Charles, good night.—

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

*Enter* SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows ?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80  
As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha ! Canterbury ?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'T is true : where is he, Denny ?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us. [*Exit* DENNY.]

*Lov. (aside).* This is about that which the bishop spake :  
I am happily come hither.

*Re-enter* DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

*K. Hen.* Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.

What !—— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.]

*Cran.* I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus ?

'T is his aspect of terror : all 's not well.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord ? You do desire to know 90  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Pray you, arise,  
 My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.  
 Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
 I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.  
 Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
 And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
 I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
 Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
 Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd, 100  
 Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
 This morning come before us : where, I know,  
 You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
 But that, till further trial in those charges  
 Which will require your answer, you must take  
 Your patience to you, and be well contented  
 To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,  
 It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
 Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your highness,  
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion 110  
 Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
 And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,  
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
 Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury :  
 Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
 In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up :  
 Pr'ythee, let 's walk. Now, by my holidame,  
 What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd  
 You would have given me your petition, that  
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together 120  
 Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you,  
 Without indurance,<sup>1</sup> further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
 The good I stand on, is my truth and honesty :  
 If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
 Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,  
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
 What can be said against me.

---

<sup>1</sup> Delay.

*K. Hen.* Know you not  
 How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?  
 Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices  
 Must bear the same proportion: and not ever 130  
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
 The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease  
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
 To swear against you? such things have been done.  
 You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice  
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
 I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,  
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:  
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger, 140  
 And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God, and your majesty,  
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
 The trap is laid for me!

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer;  
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see  
 You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
 The best persuasions to the contrary  
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties 150  
 Will render you no remedy, this ring  
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:  
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!  
 I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul  
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
 And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRANMER.*—He has  
 strangled  
 His language in his tears.

*Enter an OLD LADY.*

*Gent. (within).* Come back; what mean you?

*Old L.* I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring  
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels 160

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings !

*K. Hen.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?  
Say ay ; and of a boy.

*Old L.* Ay, ay, my liege ;  
And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her !—'t is a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger : 't is as like you,  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell !

*Re-enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir. 170

*K. Hen.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.  
[*Exit.*

*Old L.* An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment :  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't ; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lobby before the Council-chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER ; SERVANTS, DOOR-KEEPER, etc., attending.*

*Cran.* I hope, I am not too late ; and yet the gentle-  
man,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ? Ho !  
Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

*D.-Keep.* Yes, my lord ;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why ?

*D.-Keep.* Your grace must wait, till you be call'd  
for.

*Enter* DR. BUTTS.

*Cran.*

*So.*

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily : the king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

*Cran. (aside).*

'T is Butts,

10

The king's physician. As he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace ! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—  
God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice,—  
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter the* KING *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*

*Butts.* I 'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

*K. Hen.*

What 's that, Butts ?

*Butts.* I think, your highness saw this many a day. 21

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it ?

*Butts.*

There, my lord :

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury ;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*K. Hen.*

Ha ! 'Tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'T is well, there 's one above them yet. I had thought,  
They had parted so much honesty among them,  
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.

30

By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery :  
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;  
We shall hear more anon.

[*Exeunt.*

*The Council-chamber.*

*Enter the LORD CHANCELLOR, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The CHANCELLOR places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary :  
Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowledge of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D.-Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gar.* Yes.

*D.-Keep.* My lord archbishop ;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures. 41

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D.-Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh ; few are angels : out of which frailty,  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling 50  
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,—  
For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace them not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em.



Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,  
 Out of our easiness and childish pity 60  
 To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
 Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?  
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
 Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,  
 The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
 And with no little study, that my teaching,  
 And the strong course of my authority, 70  
 Might go one way, and safely, and the end  
 Was ever to do well : nor is there living—  
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords—  
 A man, that more detests, more stirs against,  
 Both in his private conscience and his place,  
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
 With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make  
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, 80  
 That in this case of justice, my accusers,  
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
 And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
 That cannot be : you are a counsellor,  
 And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of more moment,  
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,  
 And our consent, for better trial of you,  
 From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
 Where, being but a private man again, 90  
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah ! my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you ;  
 You are always my good friend : if your will pass,  
 I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
 You are so merciful. I see your end :  
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition ;  
 Win straying souls with modesty again,  
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, 100  
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,  
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary ;  
 That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,  
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
 By your good favour, too sharp : men so noble,  
 However faulty, yet should find respect 110  
 For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,  
 To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
 I cry your honour mercy : you may, worst  
 Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
 Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest ;  
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much ; 120  
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord :—it stands agreed,  
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,  
 There to remain, till the king's further pleasure  
 Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gar.* What other  
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.  
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter* GUARD.

*Cran.* For me? 130  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gar.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords;  
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:  
By virtue of that ring I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Chan.* This is the king's ring.

*Sur.* 'T is no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'T is the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
'T would fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords, 140  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Chan.* 'T is now too certain:  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
'Would I were fairly out on 't!

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye!

*Enter the* KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; 150  
Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
One that in all obedience makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
 Bishop of Winchester ; but know, I come not  
 To hear such flattery now, and in my presence :  
 They are too thin and bare to hide offences. 160  
 To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;  
 But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I 'm sure,  
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—

(*To CRANMER*) Good man, sit down. Now let me see the  
 proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,—

*K. Hen.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
 I had thought, I had had men of some understanding 170  
 And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—  
 This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
 At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?  
 Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye  
 Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,  
 Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity, 180  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;  
 Which ye shall never have while I live.

*Chan.* Thus far,  
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,  
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice,  
 I'm sure, in me.

*K. Hen.* Well, well, my lords, respect him :  
 Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him : if a prince 190  
 May be beholding to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Change - Vision & death of Katherine

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :  
Be friends, for shame, my lords !—My Lord of Canterbury,  
I have a suit which you must not deny me ;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ? 200

*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.  
You shall have two noble partners with you ; the old  
Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset : will these  
please you ?

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace, and love this man.

*Gar.* With a true heart,  
And brother-love, I do it.

*Cran.* And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*K. Hen.* Good man ! those joyful tears show thy true  
heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified 210  
Of thee, which says thus, ' Do my Lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.' "

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter PORTER and his MAN.*

*Port.* You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you  
take the court for Paris-garden ? ye rude slaves, leave your  
gaping.

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue !  
Is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree  
staves, and strong ones : these are but switches to them.—  
I 'll scratch your heads : you must be seeing christenings ?  
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Act IV sc 2

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient : 't is as much impossible,— 10  
 Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,—  
 To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep  
 On May-day morning ; which will never be.  
 We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd ?

*Man.* Alas, I know not : how gets the tide in ?  
 As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
 (You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
 I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, 20  
 To mow them down before me ; but if I spared any,  
 That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
 He or she, [husband] or [husband-troubler,]  
 Let me ne'er hope to see a chine<sup>1</sup> again ;  
 And that I would not for a cow, God save her !

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter ?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.  
 —Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do ? 29

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the  
 dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? or have we some  
 strange Indian come to court, the women so besiege us ?  
 Bless me, what a fry [of mischief] is at door ! On my  
 Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a  
 thousand : here will be father, godfather, and all together.)

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a  
 fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by  
 his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now  
 reign in 's nose : all that stand about him are under the  
 line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake<sup>2</sup> did I  
 hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose  
 discharged against me : he stands there, like a mortar-piece,  
 to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit  
 near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell  
 off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state.  
 I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman ; who cried  
 out 'Clubs !' when I might see from far some forty

<sup>1</sup> Bit of beef.

<sup>2</sup> Meteor.

truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. X I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come. 61

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows: There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

*Port.* An 't please your honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may do, 70  
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all  
By the heels and suddenly; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect. You are lazy knaves;  
And here ye lie baiting of bombards<sup>1</sup> when  
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;  
They 're come already from the christening.  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find 80  
A Marshalsea, shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the princess.

<sup>1</sup> Vessels for liquor.

*Man.* You great fellow,  
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

*Port.* You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail ;  
I'll pick you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

*Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two ALDERMEN, LORD MAYOR, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two NOBLEMEN bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts ; then, four NOBLEMEN bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, Godmother, bearing the CHILD richly habited in a mantle, etc. Train borne by a LADY : then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other Godmother, and LADIES.*

*The troop pass once about the stage, and GARTER speaks.*

*Gart.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth !

*Flourish. Enter KING and Train.*

*Cran. (kneeling).* And to your royal grace, and the good queen,  
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray :  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye !

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop ;  
What is her name ?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.*

Stand up, lord.—

[*The KING kisses the CHILD.*]

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee ! 10  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.  
I thank ye heartily : so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter



Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.  
 This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—  
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
 Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be— 20  
 But few now living can behold that goodness—  
 A pattern to all princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed : Saba<sup>1</sup> was never  
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
 Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her ;  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : her own shall bless her ; 30  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her.  
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine what he plants ; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 40  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself :  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,  
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain-cedar, reach his branches

<sup>1</sup> Sheba.

To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*K. Hen.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more ! but she must die—  
She must, the saints must have her—yet a virgin ; 60  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* O lord archbishop !  
Thou hast made me now a man : never, before  
This happy child, did I get anything.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—  
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding : 70  
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords :  
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
Has business at his house, for all shall stay :  
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

### EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—'That's witty !'  
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play, at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women ; 10  
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,  
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

# NOTES.

## PROLOGUE.

Line 9. The insistence on 'truth' here, and in line 18, etc., evidently refers to the alternative title of the play 'All is True.' See pp. 7, 113.

Line 16. *A long motley coat, guarded [or trimmed] with yellow*, was the conventional dress of the fool or clown.

Lines 20, 21. *The opinion that we bring—i.e.*, 'your hopeful expectations of us.' Line 21 is probably to be taken as a parenthesis, the 'that' referring to 'the opinion.' It has been proposed to amend the passage by removing the comma after 'bring,' and reading line 21: 'Or make—that only *truth* we now intend.'

Line 24. *Happiest—i.e.*, most capable of correct judgment, aptest to be well disposed. Cf. 'unhappily,' I. iv. 89 = 'not in a favourable way.' *Sad* in line 25 = 'serious.'

Lines 25, 26. The rhyme and the structure of the latter line should be compared with the Epilogue, lines 9, 10. Both Prologue and Epilogue are said by many critics to be un-Shakespearean; some assign them to Ben Jonson, but on very slight grounds.

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

Line 2. *We saw—i.e.*, saw one another, met.

Lines 6-8. *Those two lights of men* are, of course, Henry VIII., and Francis I., King of France. *Guynes* belonged to the English, and *Arde* to the French, at the time of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold' (1520), held in the Vale of Andren.

Line 10. *As=as if*; so perhaps in the Prologue, line 27.

Line 18. *Its=its own*. (*Its* was only gradually coming into use now, and beginning to supplant the more usual *his*. The form *its* is found very rarely in Shakespeare; *it* is occasionally used for the genitive.)

Line 19. *Clinquant—'glittering'*. A French word now meaning 'tinsel,' etc., abbr. from the Old Fr. phrase 'or clinquant,' pres. part. of an obsolete 'clinquer,' to make a *clinking* noise.

Lines 20, 21. *I.e.*, the English arrayed themselves so gorgeously that they made it seem as if their native land were India, rich in gold, precious stones, etc.

Lines 25, 26. *I.e.*, their exertions made their faces red as if with paint. *That=so that*. Cf. lines 36 and 38 of this scene.

Lines 32, 33. *I.e.*, no spectator dared to pronounce judgment upon them. *Censure* is used in a more literal sense (*censeo*, think, deem) than is now given it.

Line 38. 'So that the marvels related of Bevis [the fabulous Saxon hero, conqueror of the giant Ascapart, and Earl of Southampton, under William the Conqueror] were believed in.'

Line 44. *The office*—*i.e.*, the official body, the officers.

Line 54. *Fierce* = 'proud,' 'pompous,' and so unfit for a churchman.

Line 55. *Keech* = a lump of fat; doubtless used with scornful allusion to Wolsey's origin.

Line 63. *He gives us note* is a conjectural emendation (Staunton's) for the 'O give us note' of the folio.

Lines 75-80. 'He draws up the list of all the gentry [who are to attend the king in the expedition to France], such for the most part as he meant to load with expense which should be as great as the honour [they should get from their positions] should be little; and his own letter alone—without any consultation of the honourable board of council—must fetch him in those whose names he writes down on the paper.' In lines 77, 78, one of the prepositions is redundant; there seems to be a mixture, however, of two constructions: 'he means to give to them as great a charge as he means to lay upon them little honour.' In line 79 a participle must be understood. In 80, after *in* supply *those whom* (the omission of the *relative* is extremely common). Some think that *papers* should be amended to *paupers*, *i.e.*, 'makes beggars of.'

Line 84. Of course the meaning is, 'have crippled themselves by selling manors to supply themselves with clothes, etc., for the expedition.'

Line 88. *Not values* = 'is not worth.' For the position of the negative *cf.* 'not believe,' II. ii. 52.

Lines 89, 90. 'Monday, the 18th of June, was such an hideous storm of wind and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble, and hatred shortly after to follow between princes.'—Holinshed.

Line 93. *Aboded*—'foreboded.'

Line 97. *I.e.*, 'the French ambassador is not allowed to be heard at the English court,' 'cannot obtain audience.' *Marry*, a mild expletive; a corruption of *Mary*.

Lines 115, 116. *Surveyor* = steward, bailiff. The 'examination' refers here to the written account of it.

Line 120. *Butcher's cur*. Of course, like *keech* above, another allusion to Wolsey's extraction.

Line 122. *I.e.*, 'the book-learning of a man of beggarly birth is held of more account than noble descent.' In 'outworth' the prefix has the same force as in the modern 'outweigh.' *Cf.* 'outstare,' line 129; 'outgo,' I. ii. 207.

Line 128. 'Pierces or harms me by means of some device.'

Line 134. *Self-mettle*—*i.e.*, his own mettle or fiery passion. The word is formed on the same principle as *self-will*.

Line 138. *This Ipswich fellow*. Wolsey was reputed to be the son of an Ipswich butcher.

Line 144. *Mounts*—*i.e.*, causes to mount. *Cf.* I. ii. 205.

Line 147. *More stronger*. The double comparative (a common usage) should be noted.

Line 159. *Equal*. The adjectival form is here an adverb. Cf. 'talk wild' (i. iv. 26), 'exceeding mad' (I. iv. 28).

Line 164. *Suggests*—eggs on, urges on.

Line 167. *Rinsing* is Pope's emendation for the *wrenching* of the folio.

Lines 170-172. 'The articles of the treaty were ratified exactly as the cardinal decreed; and the ratification of the treaty was about as much use to the country as a crutch would be to a dead man.'

Line 172. *Count-cardinal*. Cf. 'king-cardinal,' II. ii. 18. 'Court-cardinal' is a conjectural emendation.

Line 195. *Mistaken*—i.e., 'misunderstood,' 'misinterpreted.'

Lines 196, 197. Supply 'in which' before 'he shall.'

Lines 204-206. 'I am sorry to have to be present to look on at this business, since it is to see you taken from liberty.' The 'present' appears to refer to the word 'I.'

Line 207. *You shall to the Tower*. The omission of the verb of motion is extremely common. Cf. I. i. 136, 'I'll to the king;' I. ii. 176, 'Let him on;' I. ii. 192, 'but on,' etc.

Line 225. *Out* is Theobald's conjecture for the 'on' of the folio. *Instant*=present.

#### ACT I.—SCENE II.

Line 13. *Repeat*—i.e., say aloud (not say again).

Lines 18, 19. *Not by a few, and those of true condition*. The *not*, of course, does not apply to the second member of this phrase; the first is equivalent to 'by not a few.'

Line 24. *Putter on*—instigator.

Line 33. *Spinsters*—properly 'female spinners,' but in this line it merely stands for 'spinners.' The word is notable in modern English as the one word ending in this feminine termination, *ster*, which preserves a feminine meaning; it has, however, entirely changed its sense.

Line 37. Danger to the king and realm is here personified as a soldier in the rebel ranks.

Line 41. Supply a relative after *ought*.

Lines 42, 43. 'I merely am one of a column in which others march with me.'

Lines 43-45. 'You know no more than others, but it is you who set to work things which are known to all alike,' i.e., 'are matters of common knowledge.'

Line 52. *Exclamation*—'a crying out against,' 'calumniation.'

Line 55. *Bolden'd*—'rendered bold;' formed like 'harden,' 'shorten,' etc., from 'hard,' 'short'; not necessarily a short form of 'emboldened,' though equivalent to it in meaning.

Line 78. *Cope*—i.e., cope with.

Line 82. The folios read *once* where *or* stands in the text. It is difficult to know what sense to attach to the former word in such a place; if correct, it perhaps means 'at any time.'

Line 83. *Allow'd* probably here='approved' (L. *ad-laudare*).

Line 95. *Trembling*, used here transitively, i.e., 'causing to tremble.'

Line 96. *Lop*—*i.e.*, ‘loppings,’ ‘that which can be lopped off,’ ‘branches.’

Line 99. *Where this is question'd*—*i.e.*, where the commissions are at work.

Line 105. *Hardly conceive of me*—*i.e.*, think ill of me.

Line 110. *In*=into.

Line 134. *So*=so as.

Line 145. *Upon our fail*—*i.e.*, failing, demise. *Cf.* II. iv. 198.

Line 152. Houses were distinguished in those days by *signs*, hence ‘the Rose’ means a certain house bearing that sign. (It was near what is now Lawrence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street.)

Line 158. *Doubted*=feared.

Line 160. *Spoke*—*i.e.*, spoken. The *n* or *en* of strong past participles is often dropped in Elizabethan English. *Cf.* ‘strove,’ II. iv. 30. In II. iv. 153, the form *spake* is used as past participle.

Line 162. *Choice*—*i.e.*, appointed, fixed by choice.

Line 181. *Being believed*—*i.e.*, if he (the duke) grew to believe in the prophecy.

Line 205. *Mounting*. *Cf.* I. i. 144.

Line 209. *Period*—‘climax.’

Line 213. *By day and night*—a mere expletive.

#### ACT I.—SCENE III.

Lines 7-10. ‘All the good they have got is a grimace or two; but these grimaces are cunning ones, for when they put them on you would swear their very noses had been the wise counsellors of Pepin or Clothaire, the old French kings, they maintain such dignity.’

Line 31. *Blister'd*=puffed, slashed.

Line 34. The first folio reads *wee away*, which Mr. Hudson thinks to be correct, believing that *wee* is the French *oui* anglicized. The *wear* of the text comes from the second folio.

Line 47. *Held*. We must supply *be* (or perhaps *have it* or *I*) before this word: *cf.* II. i. 155. The student will have noticed the frequency of elliptical constructions in this play.

Line 48. *Colt's tooth*, etc.—*i.e.*, you have not got over your youthful wildness yet.

Line 59. ‘He may well be noble [*i.e.*, lavish], my lord; he has the means to be so.’

Line 67. *Comptrollers*—*i.e.*, stewards of the (cardinal's) festivity.

#### ACT I.—SCENE IV.

Line 12. *Running banquet*—a hasty snack, a meal hastily eaten on a journey, etc. The expression occurs again in Act V., Scene iii., line 60.

Line 29. *You* here is an ethic dative. *Twenty*—*i.e.*, twenty women.

Line 33. *For my little cure*—*i.e.*, for the small part that claims my attention.

Line 39. *I.e.*, such a bowl (as) may hold, etc.

Line 41. *Beholding*—the pres. part.; we now use the past part., ‘beholden.’ *Cf.* IV. i. 21, and V. iii. 191.

Line 49. *Chambers* were small cannon, used for firing off powder on the stage (see p. 113).

Line 79. *Worthy this place—i.e.*, fit for the chair of state upon which Wolsey was seated.

Line 86. The whole account of the masque should be compared with the account quoted from Cavendish in Appendix C.

Line 89. 'I should be inclined to judge you unfavourably.' See note on Prologue, line 24.

Lines 95, 96. It was the custom for a woman to receive a kiss from her partner at the close of a dance.

Line 108. *Knock it—i.e.*, strike up.

#### ACT II.—SCENE I.

Line 44. *His father*. Buckingham was Surrey's father-in-law (see III. ii. 8, 256). The poet in this matter, as in the account of Katharine's trial, etc., is simply following Holinshed.

Line 45. *Envious—i.e.*, malignant, spiteful. 'Envy' frequently in Shakespeare means simply 'hatred' (Lat. *invidia*).

Line 51. *Ten fathom*. Note the singular form. Cf. 'five-pound-note,' etc.

Line 64. *More Christians—i.e.*, more Christian, better Christians.

Line 73. *Fellows*, companions.

Line 86. *Mark*. The folio reads *make*.

Line 89. *Forsake—i.e.*, depart (intransitive).

Lines 102, 103. Buckingham was 'lord high constable' of England in virtue of his descent from the Bohun family; his own name, however, was Stafford.

Lines 105, 106. 'I now seal my truth [by my death], and with the blood with which I do so, will make them,' etc.

Line 119. *A noble one—i.e.*, one fit for a noble, a trial by his peers.

Line 127. *Loose*—'careless in speech,' 'loose-tongued.'

Line 146. *I am confident—i.e.*, I trust to you. The *you shall* in the next line answers the 'Let me have it' above.

Line 168. *Open*—'public.'

#### ACT II.—SCENE II.

Line 9. *I fear he will—i.e.*, will be served before a king.

Line 40. *The French king's sister*—the Duchess of Alençon, to whom Wolsey wishes to marry the king.

Line 77. *I be not found a talker—i.e.*, a mere talker; see that my wishes for the cardinal's welcome are properly carried out.

Line 80. Of course these remarks are ironical.

Line 80. 'I would not be so sick as he is proud even to be in his place.'

Line 88. *Spaniard—i.e.*, the Spanish.

Line 98. *Conclave—i.e.*, the College of Cardinals at Rome.

Line 100. *Strangers*—'foreigners.'

Line 106. *Equal—i.e.*, 'just,' 'impartial,' 'not inclined to either side.'

Line 127. *Kept him a foreign man*—*i.e.*, 'kept him employed abroad.' The incident is from Holinshed.

Line 137. *For such receipt of learning*—*i.e.*, 'for the reception of so much learning, or of such learned men.'

### ACT II.—SCENE III.

Lines 5, 6. Supply *being or she has been* after *after*.

Line 8. Some read *To leave's*—*i.e.*, *To leave is*. If this is not adopted, *is* must be understood.

Line 10. 'To send her about her business.' *Avaunt* is an expression of dismissal = 'be off!'

Line 14. *Quarrel* seems here to be used for *quarreller*, and is in apposition to *fortune*. Some editors alter the text accordingly, while others maintain that the word here is an old name for a kind of arrow. Shakespeare, however, has not elsewhere used the word in that sense, and the interpretation seems very strained.

Line 15. *Panging as*—*i.e.*, 'causing as much pain as.'

Line 21. *Perk'd up*—'bedecked,' 'tricked out.'

Line 31. *Mincing*—'affectation.'

Line 32. *Cheveril*—literally, 'leather made of kid's skin' (from Fr. *chèvre*, Lat. *capra*); used as a synonym for anything that will stretch, 'elastic.' So in *Romeo and Juliet*, 'a wit of cheveril that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.'

Line 33. *Troth*, another form of the word 'truth.'

Line 36. *A three-pence bow'd*—'a crooked sixpence,' as we say; a paltry trifle.

Line 40. *Pluck off a little*—*i.e.*, 'let's go a little lower down in the scale, queen?—duchess?—countess?'

Line 47. *Emballing*. 'To be distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty,' is Johnson's explanation.

Line 74. *Conceit*—*i.e.*, 'conception,' 'opinion.'

Line 84. *I.e.*, 'Come exactly at the nick of time, neither too early nor too late.'

Lines 86, 87. 'Fie, fie . . . fortune!' The 'old lady' doubtless mimics Anne here, as if the latter were uttering these words.

Line 89. *I.e.*, 'I'll wager forty-pence it isn't bitter.'

Lines 97, 98. *I.e.*, 'What comes in the train of honour (what follows it) is greater than what precedes it.' In other words, what Anne has received is small compared with what she yet will be given.

Lines 102, 103. 'May I be [struck] dead if this raises my spirits at all.' *Faints*, of course, is causative: 'makes me faint,' 'sickens.' Cf. *mounts*, I. i. 144.

### ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Stage Direction.—*Sennet*, a flourish of trumpets. A *consistory*, an assembly of the clergy for discussing questions affecting the Church, etc. The whole of this scene follows Holinshed and Cavendish very closely.

Line 17. *Indifferent*—'impartial.'



Line 33. *Gave*—*i.e.*, 'I gave.'

Line 62. *That longer you desire the court*—*i.e.*, 'that you desire the court to be held at some more distant date.' *Defer* has been conjectured for *desire*.

Lines 70, 71. The change from *I* to *we* should be noticed. The former is used by a private person 'about to weep,' the latter by the woman who remembers she is 'a queen.'

Line 77. *Challenge*—the legal term still used when one of the parties to a suit objects to a jurymen. 'Abhor' and 'refuse,' in lines 81, 82, are also technical law-terms.

Line 93. *Consistory of Rome*—*i.e.*, the conclave of cardinals.

Lines 98-100. 'If the king knows that I am innocent of what you charge me with, he knows, too, that I am not unharmed by the wrong you do me [in bringing this charge against me].'

Line 182. *Bosom* is believed by some to be a mistake for *bottom*, which is the word in the corresponding passage in Holinshed.

Line 198. *Fail*—*i.e.*, 'failing,' 'failure.' Cf. 'upon our fail,' I. ii. 145.

Line 199. *Hulling*—'drifting.'

Line 204. *And yet not well*—*i.e.*, 'and which is not yet recovered.'

Line 208. *Reek*—'steam,' 'sweat.'

Line 222. *Go on*—*i.e.*, 'I go on.'

Line 225. *Alleged reasons*—*i.e.*, 'the reasons I have stated.'

#### ACT III.—SCENE I.

Line 7. *As*—*i.e.*, 'as if.' Cf. I. i. 10, etc.

Line 10. *Sea* was formerly pronounced exactly like the modern 'say.'

Line 17. *Presence*—*i.e.*, presence-chamber, audience-room.

Line 23. This line is a proverbial expression—the translation of the Latin 'cucullus non facit monachum.'

Line 25. *I would be all*—*i.e.*, 'I would wish to be a complete housewife.'

Line 31. *Deserves a corner*—*i.e.*, 'that needs to be told in a private or secluded place.'

Line 38. *I.e.*, 'what sort of a wife I am,' or, perhaps, 'whether I am really Henry's wife or not.'

Line 77. *I.e.*, 'for the sake of her [the queen] that once I was.'

Line 88. *Weigh out*—*i.e.*, 'outweigh' or 'compensate for.' Some take it to be 'consider with due attention.'

Line 101. *Mistakes us*—*i.e.*, 'cause you to mistake (misunderstand) us.'

Line 113. *Envy*—*i.e.*, hatred, malice; see note on II. i. 45.

Line 118. *His hands that*—*i.e.*, 'the hands of him who.'

Line 134. *I.e.*, 'a woman constant to her husband.'

Line 145. Doubtless referring to the pun attributed to Gregory: 'Non Angli, sed angeli.'

Line 161. *Carriage*—'behaviour.'

## ACT III.—SCENE II.

Line 8. *My father-in-law*. See II. i. 44.

Line 11. The negative in 'uncontemned' carries on its force to the 'neglected' of the next line.

Line 45. *Trace*—*i.e.*, 'follow closely,' 'attend upon.'

Line 52. *Memorized*—*i.e.*, 'made memorable.'

Line 53. *Digest*—*i.e.*, 'put up with' or (as we might say) 'stomach.'

Line 55. *Mo* or *moe* represents the older form *má*, and means 'more'; the latter word is a double comparative, as *mo* is itself a comparative.

Line 64. Either 'He has come back in the same frame of mind as regards the divorce as he departed,' or perhaps the 'opinions' refer to the views of the 'learned clerks' which he went to gather.

Line 78. *Presently* seems to have here its meaning of 'straightway,' 'at once.'

Line 101. *Hard-ru'd*—*i.e.*, 'hard to be ruled,' 'not easily controlled.'

Line 103. *One hath crawl'd*—supply a relative after 'one.'

Line 105. *Fret*—'eat away,' 'gnaw through.'

Line 122. *Wot*—'know'; a strong perf. form with a present meaning.

Lines 120-128. The basis for this incident is to be found in Holinshed, who narrates how the Bishop of Durham fell a victim to a similar mistake, chiefly through the action of Wolsey, who desired and subsequently obtained his bishopric.

Line 130. *Withal*—*i.e.*, 'with,' a strengthened form of 'with' (from 'with' and 'all'); if used to govern a noun, or more generally pronoun, it follows it; it is usually an adverb, 'therewith,' 'besides,' 'also.' See line 164 of this scene.

Line 142. *Husband*—*i.e.*, 'manager,' 'economist.'

Line 159. *Pared*—'cut down.'

Line 171. *Fil'd*—'kept pace with,' 'matched.'

Line 178. Observe the elliptical construction, and *cf.* line 192 below.

Lines 186-190. *I.e.*, 'Your hand, heart, etc., apart from what duty you may owe me as servant to king, should be more devoted to me, your friend (as in the intimacy of private friendship), than to anyone.'

Line 192. *That am, have, and will be*—obviously a very elliptical sentence; the meaning seems clear: 'I am, I have been, and will be such a one as I have just described, viz., a toiler for your highness' good more than my own.' *Cf.* line 178 above.

Line 226. *Exhalation*—'meteor.'

Line 231. *Asher* is *Esher* in Surrey. Wolsey himself at this time held the See of Winchester.

Line 250. *Letters-patents*—'documents of royal grants,' etc.; this plural occurs again in *Richard II.*, etc.

Lines 272-274. *That*—*i.e.*, *I that*; some, however, take it=*you that*,

while some take it for a conjunction, and would understand *I* after it. *Mate* in line 274 = 'match,' 'rival,' 'challenge,' etc.

Lines 280-282. *Jaded*—'bullied,' 'cowed.' The 'piece of scarlet' is an allusion, of course, to the cardinal's robes, etc. Cf. line 255, 'thou scarlet sin,' above. Larks appear to have been *dared* (*i.e.*, bewildered and rendered easily caught) by means of *scarlet* cloth with small mirrors fastened on it, which attracted their attention. The *cap* is, of course, the cardinal's scarlet hat.

Line 295. *Sacring-bell*—the bell ringing for mass.

Line 301. The comparative in 'fairer' extends also to 'spotless.'

Lines 310-330. These accusations are all taken from Holinshed.

Line 329. *Mere*—'pure,' 'unmixed,' and so 'utter,' 'total.'

Line 340. Wolsey had brought himself within the 'compass' of the statute of *præmunire* by obtaining a papal bull constituting himself legate.

Line 369. *Their ruin*—*i.e.*, the ruin that proceeds from them (subjunctive genitive).

Line 383. Understand a relative after 'load.'

Line 399. *Orphans*, whose legal guardian was the lord chancellor.

Line 404. *In open*—*i.e.*, publicly.

#### ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Line 8. *Royal minds*—*i.e.*, minds well disposed to the king.

Line 21. *Beholding*. Cf. I. iv. 41; the past part. form, 'beholden,' has now completely ousted it.

Line 27. *Late court*—*i.e.*, the court lately held.

Line 31. *Main assent*—'common consent.'

Order of Coronation. *Garter in his coat of arms*—*i.e.*, the garter king (chief of the heraldic body), in his blazoned robe of office. *Collars of esses* or *SS* were so called from the S-shaped links composing them.

Lines 74, 75. *I.e.*, had their faces been detachable, they would have thrown them up into the air with their hats, etc.

Line 76. *Rams*—*i.e.*, battering-rams.

Line 88. *Rod . . . peace*—*i.e.*, 'the rod of silver with the dove,' borne by the Earl of Surrey in the coronation procession.

Line 91. *Music* perhaps here (as often) = musicians. Cf. IV. ii. 94.

Line 101. *I.e.*, 'lately promoted from being the king's secretary to the bishopric of Winchester.'

#### ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Line 10. *Happily*—probably here 'haply,' 'opportunistly.'

Line 14. *Sorely tainted*—*i.e.*, attainted for or charged with grievous offences.

Line 17: *Easy roads*—*i.e.*, easy or gradual stages, short journeys.

Line 19. *Covent*—'convent,' here meaning the members of a monastery.

Line 32. *Speak him—i.e.*, speak of him. *Cf.* II. iv. 166.

Line 34. *Stomach—i.e.*, pride.

Lines 35, 36. In Holinshed, 'and by *crafty suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure;' this explains the use of *suggestion* here. *Tithed* has been proposed for the *tiéd* of the text. *Simony—i.e.*, traffic in Church preferments.

Lines 48-68. *Cf.* with the extract from Holinshed, p. 121.

Lines 59, 60. At Ipswich he founded a school; at Oxford, Cardinal College, now Christ Church. 'Good that did it'=goodness that caused it to exist, built it.

The Vision. *Congee*, 'bow reverently.'

Line 92. *I shall—i.e.*, I shall wear them, or I shall be worthy to wear them.

Line 94. *Leave*—'leave off,' 'cease.' *Music*—'musicians.' *Cf.* IV. i. 90.

Line 100. *An*='if'; it is a variant of *and*.

Line 102. *She will not lose her wonted greatness*. Katharine insisted on being treated as queen, and not as 'princess-dowager' (IV. i. 23)—*i.e.*, widow of Prince Arthur.

Lines 131-158. *Cf.* the extract on p. 121.

Line 132. *Model*—'image,' 'miniature picture.'

Line 137. *That*—the antecedent is, of course, *mother*.

Line 141. *Both my fortunes—i.e.*, my good and my bad fortune.

Line 146. *Let him be a noble—i.e.*, even though he be of noble birth.

#### ACT V.—SCENE I.

Line 7. *Primero*, a game of cards.

Line 13. *Your late business—i.e.*, the business that occupies you at such a late hour.

Line 36. *Trade—i.e.*, road, beaten or *trod*den away.

Line 47. *Broken with the king—i.e.*, entered upon the matter with the king, broached the subject to him.

Line 52. *Convented—i.e.*, summoned to appear.

Line 86. *Avoid—i.e.*, 'made empty.' With the rest of the scene, and with Scene II., *cf.* the extract from Fox on pp. 121-3.

Line 117. *Holidame*—apparently another form for the common expletive 'by my halidom,' where the last word simply means 'holiness.' The form 'holidame' seems to be an attempt at a popular etymology, 'holy dame,' *i.e.*, the Virgin Mary.

Line 122. *Indurance*—'delay.'

Lines 130, 131. *Not ever . . . carries—i.e.*, 'does not always carry.' For the singular verb after two separate subjects which combine to express one idea, *cf.* Prologue, line 19.

#### ACT V.—SCENE II.

Line 13. *Sound*, 'fathom'—*i.e.*, 'fully perceive;' or perhaps 'sound abroad,' 'noise about.'

Line 32. *Post*—'messenger.'

Lines 46, 47. *Capable of our flesh*. Evidently the meaning is not very different from 'in our own natures frail' which precedes it, 'subject to the natural errors of our human structure.' Many attempts have been made to amend the passage, e.g., 'culpable' for 'capable.' Malone reads 'in our own natures frail, incapable: Of our flesh few are angels,' etc.

Line 201. *Spoons*—i.e., the christening present.

Line 211. *Shrewd*—i.e., malicious.

### ACT V.—SCENE III.

Line 2. *Paris-gardens*, a popular resort where bears were baited.

Line 3. *Gaping*—'opening the mouth wide,' and so 'yelling.'

Line 13. *May-day morning*—alluding to the custom of keeping May-day as a holiday, and going 'a-maying' at daybreak.

Line 20. *Sir Guy of Warwick* was a champion famous in popular story; he overthrew the giant Dane, *Colbrand*.

Line 24. *Chine*—i.e., 'a bit of beef.'

Line 25. *For a cow, God save her*. Some editors follow Staunton, who reads *my* for *a*. *God save her!* was a proverbial expression used after mentioning an animal's name, which arose out of a custom of uttering these words as a charm against the beast's being bewitched.

Line 31. *Moorfields*, where the city trained-bands drilled.

Line 37. *Brazier*—used with a play on its two meanings, (*a*) a brass-worker (*β*) a vessel for holding live coals.

Line 40. *Firedrake*—i.e., 'meteor.' It is also used to mean 'Will-o'-the-wisp.'

Line 44. *Pink'd porringer*—a pinked cap, shaped like a porringer or pudding-basin. *Pinked* is a technical word used in dressmaking. Here it probably means little more than 'trimmed,' 'ornamented.'

Line 47. *Clubs!* a call to the London apprentices and journeymen to come to the aid of a friend.

Line 50. *Came to the broomstaff*—i.e., to very close quarters.

Lines 52-4. *Shot*, 'shooters'; *work*, 'outwork' or 'fort.'

Line 57. *Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Lime-house*. These names are supposed to be contemptuous appellations for certain Puritanical congregations.

Line 59. *Limbo Patrum*—properly 'purgatory,' but used here as a slang term for 'prison,' 'confinement.'

Line 60. *Running banquet of two beadles*—i.e., the whipping the prisoners would get on their dismissal. See note to I. iv. 12.

Line 76. *Baiting of bombardards*—i.e., 'swilling liquor.' *Bombardards* were vessels for holding beer, etc.

Line 81. *Marshalsea*, a prison in Southwark. *Shall hold ye play* is, of course, sarcastic—'keep you busy.'

Line 84. *Camlet* (a kind of cloth)—i.e., camlet-clothes.

Line 85. *Pick you o'er the pales*—'pitch you over the palings.'

## ACT V.—SCENE IV.

Stage Direction. *Standing-bowls—i.e.*, vessels with pedestals, or feet.

Line 12. *Gossip*—‘sponsors.’ (This is nearly its original meaning, ‘kinsmen in God.’)

Line 23. *Saba—i.e.*, Sheba, meaning, of course, the Queen of Sheba.

Lines 39-54. Those who believe the play to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth suppose the remainder of this speech to have been a later addition, put in as a compliment to James I., when the play was reproduced in his reign. See Appendix B, p. 114. The words ‘make new nations’ are believed to refer to the settlement of the colony of Virginia: a state lottery was set up for that purpose in 1612; the colony was originated some years earlier.

## APPENDIX A.

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### ACCOUNTS OF THE BURNING OF THE GLOBE THEATRE.

THOMAS LORKIN, in a letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, writes : 'No longer since than yesterday [June 29, 1613], while Bourbage's company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII.*, and there shooting of certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catched.' Howes, who continued Stow's 'Annales,' mentions the fire, and adds : 'the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz., of *Henry VIII.*'

Sir Henry Wotton writes to his nephew in July, 1613 : 'Now, to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The King's players had a new play, called "*All is True,*" representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry VIII.*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage ; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter ; the guards with their embroidered cloaks and the like ; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry, making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric ; wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks.'

A ballad which describes the 'Lamentable Burning of the Globe Play-house on St. Peter's Day' has as a refrain to every verse the words :

'O sorrow ! O pitiful sorrow !  
And yet it *All is True.*'

The title *All is True* is plainly referred to in the Prologue, lines 9 and 21. Perhaps this title was adopted to distinguish it from Rowley's play (see Introduction, p. 7). Other plays of Shakespeare were known by alternative names, e.g., *Much Ado about Nothing* appears in Harrington's papers as *Benedick and Beatrice*, 1 *King Henry IV.* as *Hotspur*, etc.

## APPENDIX B.

## THEORIES AS TO DATE, AUTHORSHIP, ETC.

THERE is no external evidence for fixing a date for this play except the above extracts ; and these only show that it cannot have been written later than 1613. It is true that Wotton speaks of it as a *new* play, but that need not weigh very seriously ; it may have been revived again in 1613, and (especially if the title *All is True* was new) Wotton may well have been ignorant of its previous production. The internal evidence, however, all seems to point to a late date, even if we do not admit a joint authorship. 'The probability,' says Delius, who adheres to the theory of Shakespeare's sole authorship, 'that *King Henry VIII.* was really a new drama in 1613 is increased by the style and metre, which are both those of the poet's latest period, and remind us more particularly of *Cymbeline* [1610], and *The Winter's Tale* [1610-11] ; in common with those dramas it has the same close-packed expression, and the obscurity occasioned by abruptly disordered sentences and ellipses, the same less-fettered metrical form, aiming more at characteristic expression than at euphonious sound. The language of the chorus in the *Winter's Tale* strikingly resembles that of the Prologue and Epilogue in *Henry VIII.*, and the development of a certain scenic pomp and splendour, which *King Henry VIII.* has in common with *Cymbeline* as an essential part in its production, points to a time when the Shakespearian stage had more considerable external aids at its disposal than it could command at the time of the performance of the historical plays of Shakespeare which precede *Henry VIII.* Compare, for example, the plain and meagre manner in which the coronation of Henry V. [2 *Henry IV.*, Act V., Scene iv.] is indicated rather than carried out, with the way in which prominence is given and attention called to every detail in the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the difference between the economical condition of the theatre at the former and the latter time will present itself as forcibly to us as the differences which there are in the handling of the material, the diction and the verse of *Henry V.* [1599] and of *Henry VIII.*, only to be explained on the hypothesis that a considerable space of time separates the one from the other. . . . In the face of these external and internal evidences the majority of the [older] English critics have put the date of this play at least ten years earlier, placing it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Lacking proof of any nature in favour of this hypothesis, they have gone on the assumption that the poet would have been more likely to gratify Queen Elizabeth than her successor, James I., with a drama which treats of the elevation of her mother, Anne Bullen, and closes with the baptism of the young princess herself. In the compliments which Cranmer pays Elizabeth, under the guise of a prophecy of her long and happy reign, the poet has interpolated (say these critics) compliments to the king when the drama was revived again in the reign of



James I. But the flattery of Elizabeth put into Cranmer's mouth in his last speech would surely have scarcely reconciled the queen to the bold way in which in the previous scenes the poet delineates the character of her father, the connection between him and her mother, and the figure of Katharine, which stands forth so gloriously by the side of Anne Bullen; surely, too, Elizabeth would scarcely have permitted the poet to bring her own person as a new-born baby [Act V., Scene v.] on the stage, to describe her [V., v. 58] as "an *aged* princess," and to prophesy her approaching death. It was not till after Elizabeth's death, and the succession of a new dynasty, that there were no longer any considerations to hinder the poet from choosing for dramatic treatment certain important episodes in the life of Henry VIII., and such, too, as had their natural conclusion with the birth of Elizabeth and the prophetic allusion to her reign, which by this time was within the province of history. But in a play produced by the "King's Players," a motive that had nothing to do with the play itself may well have caused the praise of James, the reigning king, or rather the praise of his rule—for there is no mention of his personal qualities—to be tacked on to that of his predecessor Elizabeth, so that we need not on that account assume that the verses in question were interpolated subsequently.' This passage from Delius seems to sum up such arguments as there are for fixing the date of the play, if we do not treat this as a question chiefly for verse-tests to decide. Those who do so, fix the date between 1611-13 and regard the work as partly that of Shakespeare and partly that of Fletcher.

It is urged that there is an evident lack of unity of design and treatment in the work, and also that the two different metrical styles are employed. 'The impression of the whole is at once strange and unrefreshing; the mere external threads seem to be lacking, which ought to link the actions to each other. The interest of the feelings become strangely divided; it is continually drawn into new directions, and is nowhere satisfied. At first it clings to Buckingham and his designs against Wolsey; but with the second act he leaves the stage. Then Wolsey attracts our attention in an increased degree, and he, too, disappears in the third act. In the meanwhile our sympathies are more and more drawn to Katharine, who then likewise leaves the stage in the fourth act; and after we have been thus shattered through four acts by circumstances of a purely tragic character, the fifth act closes with a merry festivity, for which we are in nowise prepared, crowning the king's base passion with victory, in which we take no warm interest. In the course of the play, the marriage of the king and Anne Bullen is only casually linked with the person of the cardinal, who seemed as if he ought to form the central point of the action, and the enmity between Cranmer and Gardiner is not at all related to this; both circumstances, again, apparently stand in no relation to each other. The birth and christening of Elizabeth follow at the conclusion as a new by-work linked to the preceding merely by a natural but not æsthetic sequence, and connected with the character of Cranmer only by the christening spoons which the godfather has to give to the infant. And in the same way as we stumble at the loose development of the action, we

become doubtful also of the poetic diction, as soon as we compare it with any other of Shakespeare's plays.<sup>1</sup> The difference that has been detected between the two systems of metre we will illustrate by quoting (α) Buckingham's speech in Act I., Scene i., which is assigned by all to Shakespeare, and (β) Buckingham's speech in Act II., Scene i., which Spedding and most of the critics now give to Fletcher :

(a) 'Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal  
 The articles of the combination drew  
 As himself pleased ; and they were ratified  
 As he cried, " Thus let be " : to as much end  
 As give a crutch to the dead : but our count-cardinal  
 Has done this, and 't is well : for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows—  
 Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam treason—Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
 (For 't was indeed his colour, but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation :  
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
 England and France might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice : for from this league  
 Peeped harm that menaced him. He privily  
 Deals with our cardinal ; and as I trow,  
 Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor  
 Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was asked ; but when the way was made,  
 And paved with gold, the emperor then desired  
 That he would please to alter the king's course  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know  
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.'

(β) 'Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable  
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it,  
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.  
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
 Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed  
 And without trial fell. God's peace be with him !  
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

<sup>1</sup> This is from Gervinus. It was Spedding who first urged the theory of Shakespeare's and Fletcher's authorship and worked out the details.

Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say a noble one : which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes. Both  
 Fell by those servants, by those men we loved most ;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people  
 Pray for me !

‘When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt,’ said Spedding, ‘that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.’ The two long extracts given above have been selected to illustrate not only this criticism, but also in order to afford typical specimens of what are claimed to be the actual points of difference in metre between the Shakespeare and Fletcher portions of the play. ‘Fletcher,’ says Mr. Fleay, ‘can be at once distinguished by the number of female<sup>1</sup> lines in which he exceeds every other author.’ The same authority estimates that in the whole of the Shakespearian part there are 1,146 lines, of which 380 have this extra syllable, while in the 1,467 lines assigned to Fletcher 863 are so constructed. Moreover, the Fletcherian portion, it is said, may be distinguished by the fact that the extra syllable so used is often an emphatic, and not an unaccented one, *e.g.* :

‘Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends.’

Further, Shakespeare’s part shows a larger proportion of unstopped lines<sup>2</sup> than Fletcher’s, and it also has some eighty light and weak

<sup>1</sup> A ‘female’ line is one which has an extra end-syllable, *e.g.* :

‘Yet I am richer than my base accus | ers.’

Such lines are comparatively rare in Shakespeare’s earlier plays (four per cent. in *Love’s Labour Lost*), and become much more common as the dramatist goes on, so that in later plays, such as the *Winter’s Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and the *Tempest*, nearly a third of the lines are of this nature.

<sup>2</sup> *Stopped lines* are such as :

‘Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,’

which have a pause at the end of the line. In *unstopped lines* the sense ‘over-

endings<sup>1</sup> as contrasted with eight in Fletcher. 'In the Shakespeare part there are only six rhyme lines, and these *all accidental*,' says Mr. Fleay, who gives Fletcher ten rhyme-lines, and adds that in the Shakespeare part there are twenty-three Alexandrine's, in Fletcher's eight.

Two conjectures as to the way in which the supposed collaboration came about are noticeable. Spedding's theory is that Shakespeare 'had conceived the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII., which would have included the divorce of Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church, which being the one great historical event of the reign, would naturally be chosen as the focus of poetic interest;' that he had got as far perhaps as the third act, and then, as a play was hurriedly wanted in honour of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine [February, 1613], handed over to his fellows of the Globe the half-finished manuscript, which they put in the hands of Fletcher, who not being able to cope with the original design,<sup>2</sup> 'expanded the three acts into five by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence, and passages of description, and long poetical conversations, in which his strength lay; dropped all allusion to the great ecclesiastical revolution, which he could not manage, and for which he had no materials supplied him; converted what should have been the middle into the end, and so turned out a splendid "historical masque or show-play,"<sup>3</sup> which was no doubt very popular then, as it has been ever since.'

In Mr. Fleay's 'Shakespeare Manual,' p. 171, we find: 'Is it not a probable conjecture that Shakespeare originally wrote a complete play; that part of the MS. was burnt in the Globe fire of 1613; that Fletcher was employed to rewrite this part; that in doing this he used such material as he recollected from the hearing of Shakespeare's play? This would account for the superiority of his work here over that elsewhere.'

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flows,' or runs on from one line to the next, without any break at the end of the former, *e.g.* :

'His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
England and France,' etc., etc.

*Unstopped lines* are rare in the earlier plays (about five and a half per cent. in *Love's Labour Lost*), and much commoner in the later ones (one in three in the *Tempest*, two in five in *Cymbeline*).

<sup>1</sup> Light and weak endings are 'final unemphatic monosyllable, or monosyllables which clearly belong to the next line, *e.g.* (iii. ii. 98-100) :

'Yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie in the bosom of  
Our hard-ruled king.'

The *light-ending* is a little more emphatic (*e.g.*, *am*, *may*, *he*), than the *weak-ending* (*e.g.*, *for*, *to*, *of*, etc.).

<sup>2</sup> Since it is by Shakespeare that all the principal matters and characters are introduced, it is not likely that the general design would be laid out by another.  
—Spedding.

<sup>3</sup> Coleridge's description of it.

## APPENDIX C.

## EXTRACTS FROM CAVENDISH, HOLINSHED, FOX, ETC.

THE character and description of Wolsey, the king, and Katharine are to be found in Cavendish, much as they are in the play. The Masque Scene (Act I., Scene iv.) is thus given by Cavendish :

‘ And when it pleased the king’s majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal’s house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship, such pleasures were then devised for the king’s comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man’s wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner that it was a heaven to behold ; there wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt, to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for a time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kinds of music and harmony set forth. . . . I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin-paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy ; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire or else of silver, and some being of black silk ; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with viscers, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand, that he came by water to the water-gate without any noise ; where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet under this sort : First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my lord cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone ; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and a gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were, but one table. All which order and devise was done and devised by the Lord Sands, lord chamberlain to the king ; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, comptroller to the king. Then immediately after the great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what the sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon, looking out of the windows into the Thames, returned again and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. “ With that,” quoth the cardinal, “ I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to

encounter and to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us and all these noble personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime." Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal, where he sat saluting him very reverently; to whom the lord chamberlain for them said: "Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at munchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair." To whom the cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should so do. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat. . . . Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, "I pray you," quoth he, "show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I: to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty." Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, "Sir, they confess," quoth he, "that among them there is such a noble personage whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily." With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, "Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he." And with that he arose out of his chair and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much.'

The trial-scene, Act II., Scene iv., follows Cavendish very closely, especially in Katharine's speech and the king's explanation of his motives; the passage is too long to be conveniently given here.

In Act IV., Scene ii., Griffith's account of Wolsey's death follows Cavendish closely. His delineation of Wolsey's character is based upon the following extract from Holinshed:

'This cardinal was a man undoubtedly born to honour . . . exceeding wise, fair-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vicious of his body, lofty to his enemies were they never so big; to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous, a ripe schoolman, thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flattery, insatiable to get and more princely in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished; and yet as it lieth for an house of students, considering all the appurtenances, incomparable throughout Christendom. He held and enjoyed at once the bishoprics of York, Durham, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinal, legate, and chancellor, the abbey of St. Alban's, divers priories, sundry fat benefices *in commendam*; a great preferer of his servants, an advancer of learning, stout in every quarrel, never happy till his overthrow; wherein he showed such moderation and ended so perfectly that the hour of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life past.'

Katharine's letter to the king (Act. IV., Scene ii.) is briefly touched on by Holinshed, whence the dramatist obtained his knowledge of it; as given in Lord Herbert's papers, it runs: 'The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have hitherto desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things.—Farewell!'

The following passage from Fox's 'Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs' (1563), is the basis of Act V., Scenes i. and ii.:

'When night came the king sent Sir Anthony Denny about midnight, to Lambeth, to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop [Cranmer] speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked and tarried for him, his highness said: "Ah, my Lord of Canterbury, I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the council, that you tomorrow, at nine of the clock, shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplains (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm, such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will arise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany, and therefore the council have requested me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth as witness in those matters, you being a counsellor."

'When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said: "I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go

thither at your highness' commandment ; and I must humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my trial, for there be that have many ways slandered me, and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report."

'The king, perceiving the man's uprightness joined with such simplicity, said : "O Lord, what manner o' man be you ? What simplicity is in you ? I had thought you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have ? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you ? Think you to have better luck that way than your Master Christ had ? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you ; for I have otherwise devised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet, notwithstanding, to-morrow, when the council shall sit and send for you, resort unto them, and if, in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourself as good persuasions that way as you may devise ; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop), and say unto them, 'If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this token unto you all ;' for (said the king then unto the archbishop) so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well, that they shall understand that I have reserved the whole cause into my hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof."

'The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear tears. "Well," said the king, "go your ways, my lord, and do as I have bidden you." My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

'On the morrow, about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman-usher for the archbishop, who, when he came to the council-door, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys and serving-men all alone. Dr. Butts, the king's physician, resorting that way, and espying how my Lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said : "My Lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted ; for now he is become a lackey, or a serving-man, for yonder he standeth this half-hour at the council-chamber door amongst them." "It is not so I trow," quoth the king, "nor the council hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, especially being one of their own number. But let them alone," said the king, "and we shall hear more soon."

'Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like



sort as the king had advised him ; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole council being thereat somewhat amazed, the Earl of Bedford, with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said : " When you first began the matter, my lords, I told you what would become of it. Do you think that the king would suffer this man's finger to ache ? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against babbling varlets. You do but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him." And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

' When they were all come to the King's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them : " Ah, my lords, I thought I had had wiser men of my council than I now find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst serving-men ? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a counsellor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit and protest, that if a king may be beholding unto his subject," and so solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said : " By the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my Lord of Canterbury, to be of all others a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise."

' And with that one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him.

" Well, well, my lords," quoth the king, " take him, and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado !"

' And with that every man caught his hand, and made fair weather of him altogether, which might easily be done with that man.'

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<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Delius.

## APPENDIX D.

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### CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

- 1520. Cloth of Gold.
- 1521. Execution of Buckingham.
- 1528. Divorce proceedings begin.
- 1529. The divorce trial.
- „ Fall of Wolsey (d. 1530).
- 1532. Anne made Marchioness of Pembroke.
- 1533. Cranmer made archbishop.
- „ Divorce obtained.
- „ Marriage to Anne Boleyn (January).
- „ Coronation of Anne (June).
- „ Birth of Elizabeth (September).
- 1536. Katharine died.
- 1543. Cranmer called before the council.

In the play, the christening of Elizabeth (1533), with which the play concludes, is made subsequent to the death of Katharine (1536) and the accusation against Cranmer (1543). There are many minor divergences, as the left-hand column shows.

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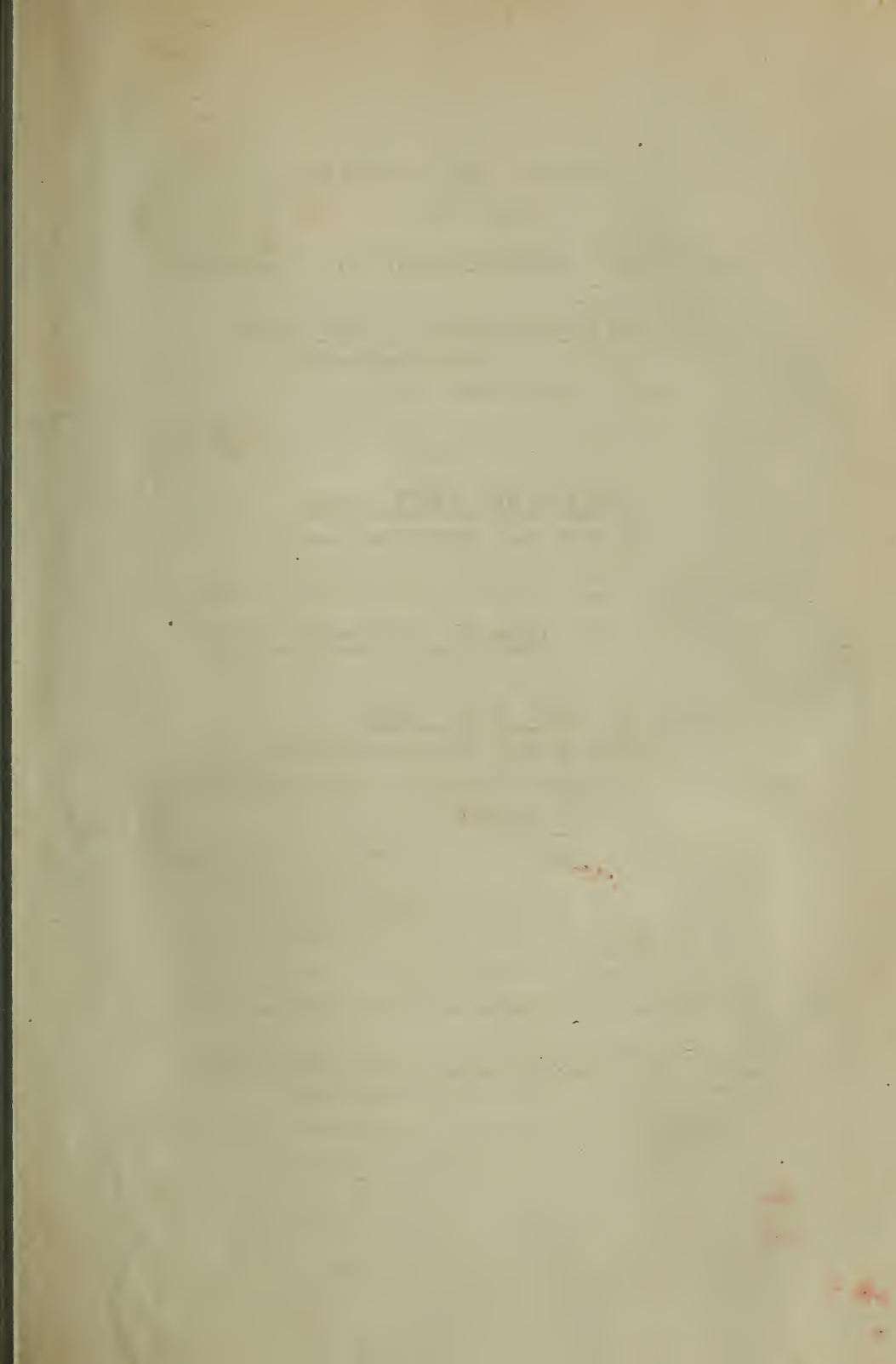
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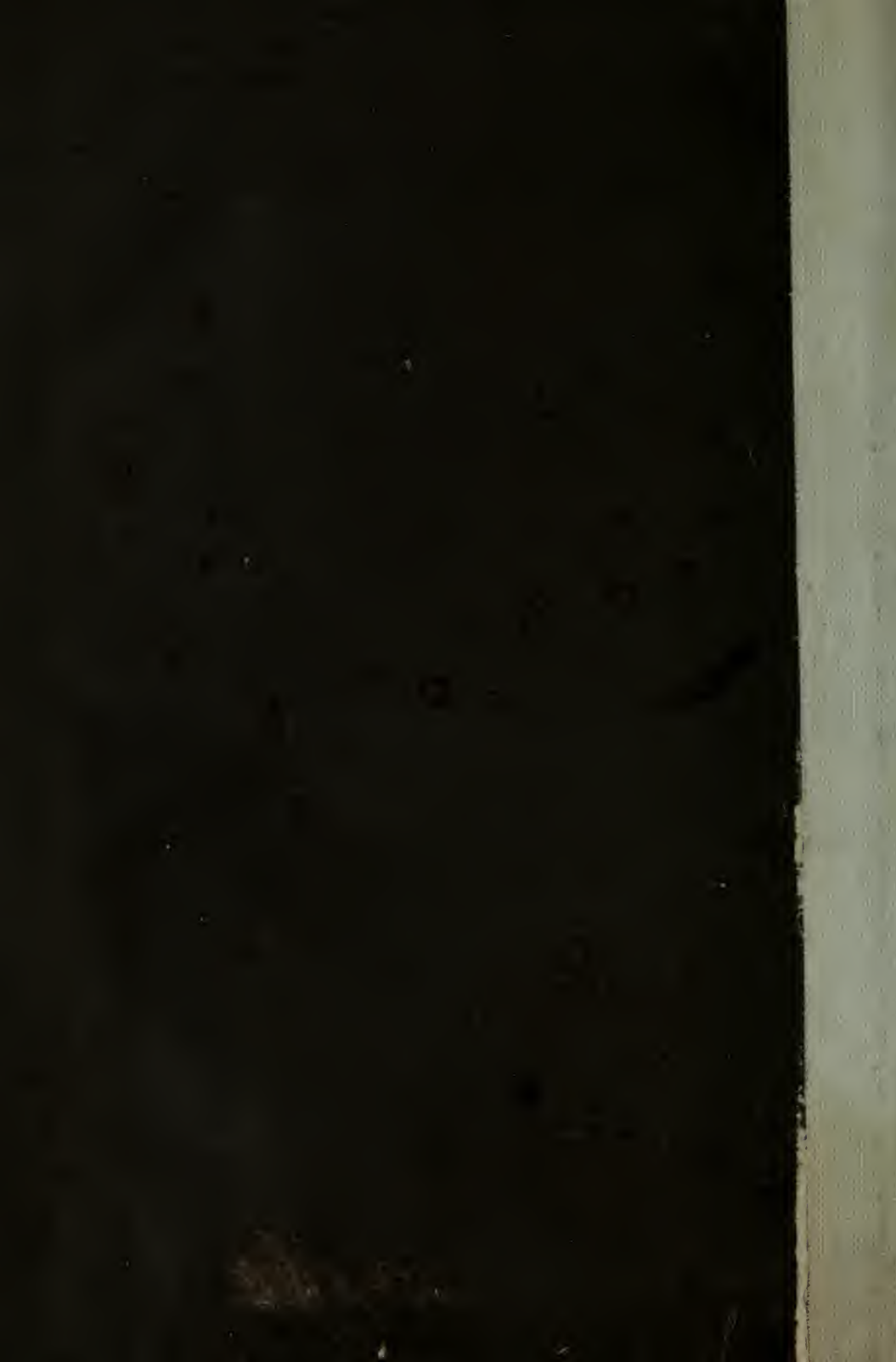
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